

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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For nearly forty years the yacht races for the International championship have been sailed in American waters and American yachts have won. Our English competitors have always insisted that they could beat us in their own waters as easily as we have beaten them in ours. Now the owner of the *Vigilant*, in a true sportsmanlike spirit, accepts the implied challenge, and sends the champion across the sea to participate in the English races. The good wishes of all our people go with the gallant yacht.

TO "BEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN."

THE "VIGILANT," AMERICA'S CHAMPION YACHT, GOES ABROAD TO SAIL ENGLISH YACHTS IN THEIR OWN WATERS.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHILL.
[SEE PAGE 392.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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ANOTHER "GREATER NEW YORK" NUMBER Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

In the recent "Greater New York" number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY we illustrated many of the conspicuous features of the coming metropolis, but, great and varied as the exhibit was, it was only partial. It is simply impossible to portray in a single issue, or in a volume of ordinary dimensions, the marvelous growth and available resources of the "Greater New York." It is now our purpose to

SUPPLEMENT THIS ISSUE WITH ANOTHER.

In which will be presented equally notable features of the commercial, industrial, and social life of the city, special reference being had to those great business and benevolent activities which give it commanding eminence. The illustrations will be executed in the highest style of art, and will be accompanied by exhaustive descriptive text. This number will shortly be

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS AND ON ALL TRAINS.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

The immense edition of the first "Greater New York" issue was completely exhausted two days after it was placed on sale. To those, therefore, who would avoid disappointment in obtaining the new number we would suggest the advisability of placing an order with their nearest newsdealer in advance. No patriotic American can in any better way demonstrate his country's progress to his friends and correspondents at home and abroad than by sending them these special issues illustrating America's great metropolis.

Mr. Gorman's Defense.



HE recent speech of Senator Gorman in defense of the compromise tariff bill, which is largely his creation, was in every way one of the most remarkable of the many extraordinary exhibitions of inconsistency which have marked the course of the Democrats on this general question. As a bit of political legerdemain it is without parallel in our recent legislative history. It explicitly repudiated the Chicago platform and the pledges of the party which declared protection to be unconstitutional. The compromise bill, he declared, was constructed upon the theory of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection. The House bill was imperfect—a haphazard, careless measure, which failed utterly to meet the public requirements. Its passage would have aggravated, rather than diminished, the troubles of the business situation. No other course was left to the party but to discard the policy to which it was definitely committed and construct an act which, by conciliating special interests, would command votes enough to secure its passage.

The disingenuousness of the argument here advanced is so apparent that serious comment upon it would be superfluous. It not only admits the justice of everything the Republicans have said in reprobation of the Wilson bill, but it embodies the shameless confession that, as to the most important of pending questions of national policy, principle counts for nothing and success counts for everything with the party charged with the affairs of government. In his remarks concerning the income tax, Mr. Gorman makes an exhibition of personal pusillanimity and contempt of principle which is even more disgraceful than his justification of the incongruities of his anomalous tariff. He declares that, in his opinion, an income tax has no fitting place in our fiscal system in a time of peace, and that he "cannot conscientiously vote to make this method of taxation a part of our settled policy," but he finds a large majority of his Democratic colleagues differing from his view, and so he will vote for the amendment! We do not wonder that the New York Sun, which has always followed Senator Gorman's course "with praise and appreciation," characterizes this surrender of personal convictions as utterly indefensible. It is an act of cowardice of which no straightforward man, who believes in principle, could possibly be capable. A brave, conscientious man,

holding a policy to be wrong and pernicious in itself, would stand out against it at whatever personal cost, compelling the respect and exerting a determining influence upon the opinions of others around him. No right principle has ever yet been advanced by men of flabby purpose, who are ready to capitulate at any demand of expediency. Mr. Gorman is smart and expert as a manipulator of people like himself, but as a leader in a struggle for any vital idea he can never be anything more than an object of derision. He will find, as Mr. Bourke Cockran has already found, that nothing is more certain to provoke public contempt than charlatanism in public men. Mr. Cockran made an eloquent and powerful speech against the income tax, denouncing it with every form of invective, and then voted in its favor. Who cares for his opinion now, or would listen seriously to anything he might say?

A Stage Abuse.



It may not be true that the stage is ceasing to be in any sense an educational force, but there cannot be any doubt that it is falling into disrepute with pure-minded, virtuous people. And this is true because managers are so largely surrendering it to actors and actresses whose personal lives affront, ostentatiously, public and private decency, and who appeal, not to any high artistic taste, but solely to the morbid animalism of the vicious and depraved. The effrontery displayed by players of this class in parading their vices is simply phenomenal. Some of them fairly revel in the advertisement of their shame, and they are never so happy as when figuring in some salacious scandal. They obtrude their debaucheries and expose their charms of person with equal indifference to the proprieties of life.

The effect of all this upon the legitimate drama is unmistakable. It not only brings the profession into discredit, but it makes the stage a pander to sensualism and vice in their most repulsive forms. One actress like the much-married woman who has during the past season kept herself constantly before the public by questionable devices of every sort does more to degrade the drama and harm the honorable and conscientious men and women who are identified with it, than ten thousand mediocrities, pure of purpose, though misguided as to their calling, could possibly do. It is high time that managers should understand that the public will no longer tolerate the prostitution of the stage by persons of this class; that they must offer for the public entertainment something better than the spectacular performances of notoriety-hunters and conspicuously immoral scandal-mongers, if they would attract decent and respectable people. Professional standards must be elevated, and the bawdy and picturesque rakes who now have so large control of the boards sent into obscurity, where they can no longer offend the moral sense of self-respecting communities.

A Problem in Psychology.



QUESTION has arisen in a court in Buffalo as to the validity of a bequest of a sum of money in trust to be expended in Masses for the benefit of the soul of the testatrix and her deceased husband. The children contest this provision. They claim that the trust is too indefinite as to its objects, that it is impossible to know that the souls of their deceased parents can derive any benefit from the expenditure of the fund as directed, if indeed it can be judicially assumed that any such souls exist. And their counsel does not hesitate to deny that a disembodied soul, if it does exist anywhere, has any standing in a terrestrial court of justice.

These are embarrassing questions to bring to the test of judicial decision in this agnostic age. Although the fundamental principles of law are supposed to be immutable, the practical application of them must vary with the temper of the times and the idiosyncrasies of the judges. It is an established doctrine of equity that a charitable trust will not be upheld if its objects are so indefinite as to leave its disposition to the mere discretion of the trustees. But here is room for the widest diversity of opinion. In the famous Lewis will case the whole fortune of the testator was left to be applied "to reduce the national debt incurred in the war of the Rebellion." It was earnestly contested on the ground, amongst others, of the vagueness of the bequest; but the old miser's million was at last turned into the treasury for that purpose. But later, Governor Tilden, a very astute lawyer, tried to leave his fortune to establish a public library in New York, and after great conflict of judicial opinion the bequest was held void because its objects were not defined with sufficient certainty. And now, when a court must determine, as a matter of fact, that two human souls, parted from their earthly tenements, exist in such form and place as to enable trustees here below to apply a fund for their benefit, the difficulties of the case are obvious.

A little more than two centuries ago Sir Matthew Hale, a most intelligent and upright judge, had no hesitation in holding that the fact that there were such creatures as witches was undoubted, for the Scriptures affirmed it, and the wisdom of nations had provided laws against such persons. He was trying two widows for bewitching young children, and the validity of his conclusion was confirmed in public opinion by the fact that as soon as the widows were executed the children recovered. But the problem now presented to the judge in Buffalo will not admit of such a confident solution. Sir Matthew had the benefit of the positive testimony of Sir Thomas Browne, a famous spiritual expert; but if the judge, in these days of psychical research, must depend on the testimony of experts, he can hardly be expected to reach his conclusion with the confidence displayed by the Chief Baron in 1662. After all their theories have been ventilated and considered, his frame of mind may be that described before Hale's time by Sir John Davies, who became Lord Chief Justice of England:

"Some think one general soule fills every braine,
As the bright sun sheds light on every starre,
And others think the name of soule is vain,
And that we onely well-mixt bodies are."

But if he should reach a definite conclusion and uphold this bequest, there may be further difficulties in the administration of the trust. Here the personal equation would come in with serious effect. We may imagine in what different spirit this fund would be treated by Archbishop Corrigan, Mr. Moody, or Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, respectively. It may be assumed that any one of these excellent men would administer it honestly, according to his views. But if such testamentary disposition of earthly possessions must uniformly be sustained, there may be danger that some trustees, acting in accordance with their conceptions of duty, may bear in mind the case of the testator who provided that all his money should be buried with him. The prudent executor deposited the money in his bank, and placed in the coffin his cheque for the full amount, payable to the order of the deceased.

A Worthy Organization.



THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which recently met in biennial session at St. Paul, ranks as one of the most useful and deserving of all the labor organizations established for the mutual protection of members. In the thirty-one years of its history it has greatly advanced the interests and elevated the character of the men engaged in the locomotive service. Within the last two years the membership of the order has increased by about five thousand, its total strength being now stated at thirty-five thousand. It has five hundred and twenty-eight divisions or lodges located in this country, Canada, and Mexico. Its basal principles are truth, justice, sobriety, and morality. If any man indulges in intoxicating liquors, or—to be more exact—if he is intoxicated while on or off duty, he is expelled from the order; and this effort to keep in their right minds the men to whose care so many lives are intrusted is, or should be, duly and heartily appreciated by the public.

The most superficial observer would be impressed by the fine appearance of any locomotive Brotherhood assemblage. A correspondent who was present at the St. Paul convention says: "You would say at once that they are a body of picked men, who have made their way by genuine merit. They are, too, prosperous-looking, well-dressed men—men who draw good salaries and who find something in life beside the mere work which has so many exacting features. The pay of the freight engineers averages, the country over, about four cents per mile traveled, about one hundred and forty dollars per month; the passenger engineers receive, on the average, three and one-half cents, their greater mileage making their pay about the same as the freight men. They are brave men, who know that, no matter how fine the road-bed, no matter how splendid the equipment of the railway which they serve, no matter how complete the precautions against accident, they may at any moment come face to face with death. The fact that every session of their lodges is, according to the provisions of their constitution, opened and closed with prayer, that a Bible is always present upon their presiding officer's desk, and that one of their grand officers is that of chaplain, will be to many people a proof that the better element in their lives is constantly appealed to."

Connected with the organization is an insurance department, supported by means of assessments on the members who are insured, by which the widow of a man killed or dying a natural death may receive from one thousand five hundred dollars to four thousand five hundred dollars, as the policy may call for. If the engineer loses a leg, or an arm, or an eye, he gets the same amount, the full value of his policy. The head of the order—at present P. M. Arthur—receives five thousand dollars a year. When it is remembered that the person who occupies this

position is charged with great and harassing responsibilities, the compensation cannot be regarded as excessive.

Associated with the men in their work are the women of the Ladies' Auxiliary, an important and interesting adjunct of the brotherhood. The wives of the members constitute this organization, and they hold meetings at the same time the brotherhood does, with their full number of grand officers.

It is of interest in this day of strikes to know that this organization is insisting more than ever before on exhausting all other resources before resorting to a strike for the adjustment of differences between employer and employed. When all the labor organizations of the country shall arrive at the conclusion that the best and wisest method of settling all disputes is by arbitration they will have made a long stride in the right direction; and the same may be said, in all fairness, of employers, corporate or otherwise.

Flowers for the Poor.



HERE is no feature of the summer work of the University Settlement Society which is more commendable, or which appeals more strongly to the public sympathy, than its distribution of flowers among the poor in the tenement-house districts of the city. Flowers have a ministry peculiarly their own, and the helpful influence of their distribution among the sick and poor cannot be measured in words.

We are apt to forget how many persons there are, crowded in the unwholesome and thickly-populated districts of the metropolis, whose eyes have never once looked upon an apple-orchard in bloom, and who have never had one rose or lilac-bush as all their own. How many there are to whom one little cluster of roses would seem a gift from paradise; and a handful of wild flowers a very benison from the gods. In the foulest and rudest there is a sense, more or less acute, that responds to appeals of the beautiful, and many a weary and embittered life has been inexpressibly brightened and sweetened by some revelation of the charms of nature in the form of floral gifts gathered at random by kindly hands. There is an exquisite story of a prisoner, doomed to long confinement, who one day discovered a tiny flower in a crevice of the pavement of the prison yard where he walked. It was a slender, feeble thing, but to the prisoner, shut in from the world, downcast, helpless, and hopeless, it seemed a spray of promise dropped from the skies. He watched it, nourished it, and as it grew and unfolded, life somehow, even within the prison walls, grew hopeful and radiant; he forgot himself and his limitations in the contemplation of the object through which nature addressed his soul. He was not forgotten; the Hand that could nourish the flower there amid the brick and mortar of the pavement would care for him, and out of that conviction there came new and loftier aspirations, and when at last his term of imprisonment expired he went forth to life's work a new man, girt with the strength of noble purpose.

During previous years this flower work of the University Settlement has attained very considerable proportions. Last year, by means of thorough organization and a generous sympathy on the part of country people, vast quantities of flowers were distributed. It is desired to make this year's work still larger and more comprehensive, and an appeal is made to the public in furtherance of this object. Now that we have come to the loveliest month of the year, when country gardens are growing beautiful again with their floral displays, and all the fields are spattered with daisies, let us hope that the generous givers of previous years will afford a fresh illustration of their sympathy with this work by increased contributions. The society, in its appeal, calls attention to the fact that flowers should be sent in all cases so as to reach the city on either Tuesday or Friday of each week. Packages which do not exceed twenty pounds will be transported without charge by all express companies.

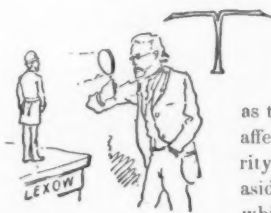
Presbyterians and Their Seminaries.



THE action of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga in asserting direct control of the theological seminaries of the church has been foreseen ever since the decision in the Briggs case, and will occasion no surprise. The report adopted by the Assembly provides that every Presbyterian seminary hereafter organized must contain in its charter conditions under which the General Assembly shall have the power of veto, not only over the appointment and transfer of professors, as it now has over those of several institutions, but also over directors and trustees as well. The same principle is to be applied to existing seminaries, for while the Assembly does not compel these institutions to amend their charters, it appointed a committee to confer with them with a view to securing their

approval and consent to such changes as will place the professors, the directors, and the money not held as specific trusts, under Assembly control. It is believed that all the seminaries, with possibly three exceptions, will accede to the demand of the Assembly. Several of them have been enriched by large gifts of Presbyterians on the express condition that the money should be used for theological education in the doctrines set forth in the Presbyterian standards, and these might possibly, under a strict construction, be forfeited by a denial of Assembly control. Then, too, it is within the power of the Presbyteries to boycott any contumacious seminary by refusing to commit to it students under their care. This has been done in the case of Union Seminary, and the policy would no doubt become general as to all institutions resisting the Assembly demand. It is yet to be seen whether Auburn, Alleghany, and Union will consider themselves strong enough to resist the avowed purpose of the present conservative majority in the church to make all theological instruction conform to a cast-iron standard, without any reference at all to the progress of thought and the results of enlightened, reverent criticism.

The Police Investigation.



THE disclosures made in the investigation into the police department of this city leave no room for doubt as to the justice of the charges affecting the purity and integrity of its management. Leaving aside altogether the testimony which specially incriminates one of the commissioners, the general evidence goes to show that the commissioners have used their positions to protect police captains and other officers who were under suspicion; that in at least two cases captains were promoted to be inspectors while charges were pending against them; that officers accused by the superintendent have been acquitted on the convenient testimony of subordinates who had a "pull"; that pecuniary and political considerations have controlled appointments, and that no serious attempt has been made to emancipate the department from selfish partisan control and make it what it ought to be—the buttress and the defense of civic virtue and the social order.

This, without going into details, is a sufficiently grave indictment of a department of the public service which holds such intimate relations to the life of the people. What will come of the disclosures? Will the confirmation thus afforded of our defenselessness against vice and crime, through the infidelity of the police commission to the obvious obligations of duty, awaken the community to an earnest, united effort to redress the wrong by sweeping utterly away the corrupt régime which has brought this condition upon us? That is the supreme and one important question which must receive instant consideration. No other is comparable to it in urgency. The police department of this city can never be placed on a basis of absolute integrity and efficiency so long as it is dominated by the influences now in control. The mayoralty must be wrested from the hands of Tammany, and men appointed as commissioners who will manage the department on business principles and purge the force of the men who use their positions to protect the criminal classes. That is the first step in the work of reform. Until that result is reached nothing will be reached. And that result can be attained in only one way, namely, by a cordial union of good citizens of all parties, outside of all party affiliations, in support of a distinctively reform candidate, pledged by his character and record as a man to employ all the authority of his office for the overthrow of the malign combination which now holds the metropolis in its clutch.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE Populists of the Southwest are rapidly absorbing the Democracy. In Missouri they fairly ran away with the Democratic State Convention, overwhelming the regulars three to one in the adoption of a platform squarely repudiating Mr. Cleveland's financial policy, and declaring for free silver-coinage. In other States the same process is going on, and that, too, without much resistance on the part of the victims of the Populist rapacity. Even in Georgia, where the Democratic organization now resists absorption, the indications are that Populism will ultimately get the mastery. The fact is that the Democratic party everywhere is every day falling more and more under the influence of the anarchical ideas of which politicians of the Peffer, Waite, and Watson stripe are prominent evangelists, and it is by no means impossible that in the next national campaign the Republicans will have to face both these parties, standing in practically united phalanx.

The Hawaiian constitutional convention which is now

in session is expected to complete its labors in a week or so, and the indications are that its conclusions will prove generally acceptable. The pretense that the native population of the islands is opposed to the movement for a republic is effectually disproved by the fact that of the eighteen elected members of the convention, fifteen were born and bred in Hawaii, and the other three have lived there since childhood and are thoroughly identified with the interests of the islands. It is expected that the new constitution will give the right to vote for members of the lower house only to citizens of the country who can read and write English. The Japanese, who compose a majority of the plantation laborers, are clamoring for the franchise, but there is no probability that it will be conferred upon them, although Japan has a treaty with Hawaii, containing the usual clauses granting to her all privileges granted to the "most favored nations." The Japanese government is represented to be disposed to break off diplomatic relations with the Hawaiians if the suffrage is refused to its subjects.

THE commission constituted by the Legislature for the purpose of examining into the tenement-house system of this city and reporting plans for the reconstruction of all defective tenements in accordance with sound sanitary laws has an opportunity to perform a public service of the very highest value. There are few subjects of greater importance than that of tenement-house reform, and there is none which has been more shamefully neglected. With all our growth in wealth and sanitary knowledge, practically no progress at all has been made, for a dozen years past, in improving the conditions of our tenement population. Certainly there has not been any comprehensive improvement along definite and systematic lines. This is the more astonishing when we remember that the overcrowding in the tenement districts in buildings which are in the nature of the case nests and nurseries of disease, affects the whole community, augmenting the dangers to the public health, swelling the death rate, and adding enormously to the burdens of taxation. The Legislative commission, of which Dr. Cyrus Edson is a member, has a whole year in which to make a study of the subject committed to it, and it will be without excuse if it fails to make that study thorough and exhaustive, with direct reference to practical results.

VERY many of the proposed amendments to our State constitution which have been submitted to the convention now in session are unworthy of serious consideration, but there are several which, if submitted to the people, would undoubtedly command approval. One of these provides that no person shall have the right to vote or be eligible to office who is not able to read the constitution in the English language, and write his name. Such a prohibition would certainly diminish the evils which have followed upon our cheapening of citizenship and debasement of the ballot. Another timely amendment proposes to prohibit appropriations of public money for sectarian schools, or ecclesiastical bodies of any sort, by the State or any municipality. It is high time that the policy of the State as to this matter should be definitely fixed in harmony with the spirit of the age and the demands of the best public opinion. A third amendment, of a radical character, provides that there shall be no exemption of real estate from taxation except that belonging to the United States or the State of New York; and a fourth, which is strongly urged by the city reform clubs, proposes that all non-elective officers of the State or of a city shall be selected by competitive examination. The adoption of this last amendment would work terrible havoc among aspiring politicians of a certain class, but it would unquestionably result in a marked improvement of the public service.

THE arrogance of certain forms of labor is well illustrated in the adoption, by the recent international congress at Berlin, of a resolution demanding that employers shall not reduce the wages of their employes until the representatives of the workmen have inspected the books of the employers and ascertained that the mines are yielding no profit. A good many impudent propositions have emanated from socialist-labor conventions abroad, and from organizations in this country, but for superlative effrontery we remember nothing to compare with this Berlin demand. Why the congress did not insist that every employer should submit his pocket-book to inspection as a necessary preliminary to any change in the wage standard, it is hard to understand. But the impudence displayed by these foreign agitators had in it, after all, no element of malignity. In pure devilish malice they cannot hold a candle to the coal-miners of a certain mining district in Illinois. During a strike the mines got on fire and the company asked the strikers to permit men to go down and extinguish the flames. A meeting was called, and it was actually voted not to allow any one to descend the shaft. "Let them burn!" was the response of the savage miners to the appeal for help. It is some satisfaction to know that the miners voting in the negative were all of them foreigners. The mine-owners will be inexcusable if they ever permit a single one of these brutal aliens to return to work on their premises.



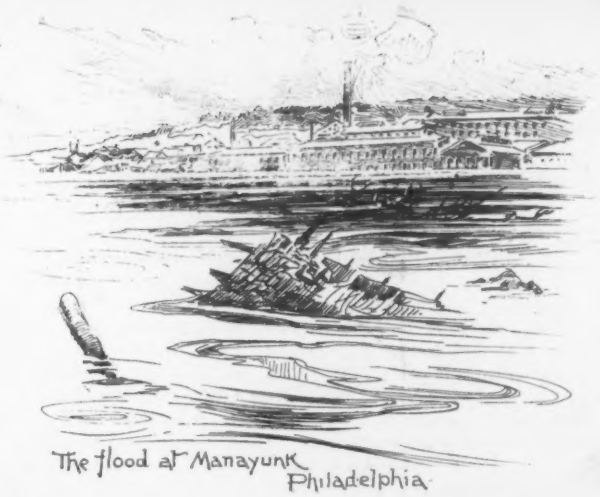
RIGHT REV. FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON, S.T.D., LL.D.,
BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE
OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 392.]
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TESTIMONIAL VASE PRESENTED TO WILLARD A. SMITH, CHIEF OF THE TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO., NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 388.]
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THE SENATE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION INTO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉOFF.—[SEE PAGE 388.]
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THE RECENT FLOODS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

TOWNS AND CITIES INUNDATED, AND PROPERTY VALUED AT FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DESTROYED.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER AND F. H. SCHELL FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY LANGILL AND A. FIALA, JR.—[SEE PAGE 389.] Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.

THE SQUATTER'S CLAIM.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

THE day named for the formal opening of the Oklahoma Territory came around at last, and at noon the grand influx began. The broad, wild prairie was at once dotted with white-topped wagons, all moving on to the south, while the fagged and jaded horses that pulled them were urged at the point of the lash to the greatest possible speed. Every wagon bore a party of poor home-seekers, who for months had waited for this day, and who now joined in the grand race for the new land of promise, intent on getting a claim and a home.

One rickety old wagon, hauled by a span of poor, bony mules, headed off to the west late in the afternoon, and for an hour raced straight toward a small body of timber that evidently lined a water-course. It was after sunset when the timber was reached and the mules picketed, but before it became quite dark a fire had been started and a scanty supper prepared.

Shortly after dark three horsemen, heavily armed, rode out of the timber a mile or so below the wagon, and, stopping, one of them said:

"Boys, this is the spot I picked out for us, and I don't believe you could find a better piece of land if you were to search the country over. There are just six claims here—just enough for us and the three men who are coming with the wagon, and so I guess we are fixed about right."

"Guess we are," replied one of the others, "if nobody ain't gone and squatted on the ground."

"There's nobody on the land yet, I guess. At least, I don't see any signs of any camp anywhere."

"There may be some settlers along to-morrow, though, and if they should beat our wagon here they'd have the heels of us."

"Maybe they would, Sam, and maybe they wouldn't. That would sort of depend, you know."

"Depend? How?"

"Why, it would depend on whether there was more of them than there is of us. If we was in the majority I reckon we'd be pretty apt to make our claim good. If it should come to shooting, I reckon we know about as well as the next ones how to finger a pistol."

"I suppose you are awful nigh correct there, Jake," replied Sam. "But if some other fellow gets on the land first the law gives him the right to it, don't it?"

"Law be blamed! We didn't come down here to monkey with no blamed fool law. This is law enough for me," and Jake touched the pistol at his side. "We come here to take up and hold this land, and I guess we'll do it. If any other chap gets on it before our wagon comes and we get our tents pitched, why, he can move off, I guess."

The others nodded significantly at this, and the three men rode out a little farther from the timber. They had gone but a few steps when Jake came to a short stop, and pointing away to the south, said:

"Boys, see that?"

"What is it?" Sam asked.

"See that light up the creek. What do you make of it?"

"A fire-fly, I reckon," replied Sam.

"A fire-fly nothing. Guess they don't have fire-flies down here as big as hens, and it would take one that big to make that sort of light."

"That's so, Jake," said Sam, thoughtfully.

"What do you make it out?"

"I make it nothing more nor less than a squatter, and he's on our land, too, I guess."

"Yes, it must be a squatter, and of course he's on our land. The blamed rascal has got cheek for you, sure."

"Yes, he's got cheek. But what are we going to do about him? That's the question now."

"Well, we've got to rout him out of there, and we'd as well do it now."

"We can't do it any too quick, and we might as well ride over there and start him off and take possession of his fire. It will save us the trouble of making one of our own."

This proposition meeting with a unanimous assent, the three men galloped off toward the light.

"By jix, boys!" said old Jake, as they drew near to the light, "it might be a good idea to be prepared for business. That squatter might not take kindly to us, and like as not he'll open on us with a shot-gun. We don't want to do any shooting if we can help it, but if we can't help it, we can't, of course."

"That's so," agreed Sam, "and I expect

we'd better sort of slip up on him and not let him get any advantage of us."

The men dismounted and crept softly forward through the grass, keeping well in the shadow of the old wagon. After a little while they got quite close, and stopping to listen, distinctly heard low voices in the wagon engaged in earnest conversation. One of the voices, it was plain, was that of a woman, while the other, weak and thin, was unmistakably that of a child.

"How do you feel now, dearie?" the woman asked.

"I feel very well, mother, only I'm so tired," the child replied.

"Do you feel as well as you did this morning?"

"No; the ride was so rough and so long that it made me sore and weak. But I don't mind that, for I'm glad we got here and papa got a good claim. Is it long till daylight, mamma?"

"Yes, a long time. Night has just come on."

"I wish it was light, so that I could see the country. Is it very pretty?"

"Yes, darling, very beautiful."

"I'm glad of that, mamma. Are there any flowers in bloom?"

"The prairie is covered with them, sweet, and when morning comes I will bring you lots of them. When you get well you can gather them for yourself, all you want."

"No, no, mamma, I shall never do that. Don't cry. I am very happy, but I shall never be well any more. I am glad the land is pretty, though, for it will be pleasant to you and papa, and after a while you will have a beautiful home. I want the morning to come so that I may see the claim just once—just once."

"Well, go to sleep then, pet, and soon the morning will come. You are weak and tired now, but sleep and rest will help you, and to-morrow you will feel better."

"No, mamma, I am not sleepy now, and I want to talk. Do you think this is as pretty as the old home in Missouri?"

"It may not be now, but it will be when we get it improved and get a neat little house and yard and garden. It will be very nice, I know."

"Yes, it will be very nice, mamma, but not as nice as the old home we had before papa lost it. I wish we had never had to give it up, mamma, don't you?"

"Yes; but it couldn't be helped, and so we must not grieve. We will soon be as happy and contented here as we were there."

"I hope so, but I'm afraid you won't. Will you be very lonely when I'm not here?"

"But you will be here, darling. You will soon get well."

"No, mamma, I won't be well any more. I had a beautiful dream a while ago, and I saw the prettiest land, all bright and dazzling with sunshine and flowers, and I heard, oh, such grand music, and there were so many people there, and they were all happy! And while I was looking on and listening some one waved a hand as if beckoning me to come. I am going to that beautiful land, mamma, but you must not cry, for I shall be happier there than I ever was here, and sometime I'll come back, maybe. Is the morning almost come?"

"Not yet, sweet child," sobbed the father, who had just entered the wagon. "Go to sleep, and it will soon come."

For a little while the child lay perfectly still, and the anxious parents began to think that she had fallen asleep. But soon she roused again, and in a voice weaker and thinner than ever before asked:

"Is the claim pretty, papa?"

"Yes; it's beautiful, darling."

"As pretty as the old home?"

"Almost, I expect; and we shall soon make it much nicer than it is."

"And nobody can take it from you, can they?"

"No; they can't take this home from us, dearest."

"I am so glad of that, papa. Nobody can take it from you."

There was a slight movement on the part of the three men outside, and a hurried glance was exchanged among them.

"I am going to leave you, papa," the child went on, "and I'm going away right soon. You and mamma will miss me, but you will have a new home, and you must not think of me too much. You must make my grave, papa, in some sunny spot close to where the house will

be, so that you and mamma can see it often; and you must plant flowers by it and a tree."

"Yes, yes, Allie; I'll not forget," the father replied, in a husky voice; "but you must not think of such things. You must sleep to-night, and to-morrow you will feel better."

"No, I cannot sleep, papa, and I'll never see to-morrow. I am going away—soon; but I'm glad that you have a new home and will—never—have—to—give—it—up."

Old Jake hurriedly drew his sleeve across his eyes and whispered a few words to his companions. Then they all fell back as noiselessly as they came. When they were out of hearing of the occupants of the wagon Jake said in his most solemn and impressive tone:

"Boys, she's going to die, ain't she?"

"That's the way I put it up," replied Sam in all seriousness.

"Yes, she's going to die," repeated Jake, "and it's a blamed bad thing to see that child a-dying away out here on this lonely prairie, without a friend or anything, and I just know that pa and ma must feel awful."

"I know they do," said Sam. "Wonder if we could do anything for them?"

"I don't know. Reckon there wouldn't be any harm in going to see."

"Then you go down to the wagon, Jake, and we'll wait here."

Jake started off at once, and two hours passed before he came back.

"How is she, Jake?" Sam whispered.

"She's gone," Jake replied. "She's better off, though, I expect, for she's been sick a long time, they say, and the doctors said she couldn't ever get well. She's a pretty little thing, though, Sam, and went off smiling like an angel. She was glad her pa had got a new home, and she wanted to be buried on the claim."

For a little while the men were silent, then Sam said:

"Has he got a new home, Jake?"

"Who?" Jake asked.

"The man over there—the child's pa."

"What do you say about that, Sam?"

"I'd rather you'd say, Jake."

"Then I say that he has."

"Jake, here's my hand on that," said old Sam, as he extended his rough, sun-browned fist.

"And here's mine," said Ike, extending his at the same time.

"Then we understand, do we," Jake said after a moment, "that this claim belongs to that chap in the wagon, and that we give up all right to it?"

"That's my notion," replied Sam.

"And mine," agreed Ike.

"Then that's settled, boys," Jake continued, "and I'm glad you fix it that way. I'd never have the heart to take the land from him after hearing her talking and rejoicing about his new home. Never! I said to myself right then and there that this claim was his, and that I'd stand by him in holding it against creation. And I'll do it, too."

"You bet," cried the others.

The next morning the father selected a resting-place for the child, and the three men made a grave and placed the remains in it. Then, bringing a small tree from the woods, they planted it at the head, and scattered some flower-seeds about. They did everything they could to cheer the sad-hearted parents, and were sorry that they could do no more.

"Boys," said old Jake, when they were again alone, "I've done some mighty low-down things in my time, but I never done anything that made me feel so mean as I did last night when I stood there by that old wagon and listened to the words of that little dyin' child, knowin' that I'd come there to help run her pa off the claim that is rightly his. I tell you, I felt like a low-down sneak."

"It was a mean trick," said Sam, "and I'm ashamed of it. But it's his claim."

"You bet it is. We can put up with five claims or get another, for we're not going to take that one. That little grave up there makes that squatter's title good, and I'd like to see anybody dispute it."

Jake and his companions were as good as their word, and for the sake of the little girl who had passed on to a better home stood by the squatter loyally in the defense of his claim.

The Police Investigation.

We have commented elsewhere upon the disclosures made before the Senate committee in its investigation into the police department of this city. This investigation has been followed with lively interest by the general public, and the evidence has been read attentively by all classes of the community. Almost the whole of the first week of the investigation was given up to the examination of Mr. John McClave,

one of the police commissioners, the examination being conducted by Mr. John W. Goff, who sought to show by the testimony of Gideon Granger and others that Mr. McClave had used his position corruptly by selling appointments for a money consideration. Granger, who married McClave's daughter and lived in his family for several years, testified to a number of transactions which seemed to incriminate the father-in-law, who on his part denounced the witness as "a liar, a thief, and a forger." Granger disappeared after giving his testimony, and it was charged that he had been driven off by Mr. McClave and his counsel, Mr. Nicoll, by threats of arrest and punishment. Mr. McClave, who was four days on the stand, exposed to a pitiless examination into his official and business career, denied unqualifiedly all the charges brought against him. Other witnesses testified as to Mr. McClave's business standing when he became a commissioner, with a view of showing that, taking his own estimate of his present fortune, he has made suspiciously rapid strides in the accumulation of wealth during his official term. Incidentally the fact has been brought out that the management of the department by the commission has been extraordinarily lax; that appointments and promotions are made arbitrarily, according to the caprice and partisan interests of the commissioners; that officers charged with dereliction in duty, no matter what the evidence against them, are in nearly all cases protected from punishment; that, in a word, using the language of the *World*, "there is absolutely no account taken by the police board as a whole of the fitness of any candidate for appointment or promotion; the whole matter is treated as so much spoil, and the appointments and promotions are parceled out like any other booty among the commissioners."

It is understood to be the purpose of the committee to make the investigation thorough and exhaustive not only as to the police department but as to other branches of the public service, and there can be no doubt that, pursuing this course, it will command the public approval.

The Ballade of Abigail Green.

I'm weary of Phyllis and Chloe
And the rest of that finned crew;
They're quite too affected and showy
For a now-a-day rhymester to woo.
But maybe you'd like to learn who
Is my contemporaneous queen;
And, if so, you may find—well, a clew,
In The Ballade of Abigail Green.

Was Lesbia's neck round and snowy?
Catullus said so—and he knew;
Did Lidia win Horace, although he
Was rather more fickle than true?
Still, these ladies' charms I eschew;
They're too ancient—she's—well, say nine-
teen—

She whom I'm singing to you
In The Ballade of Abigail Green.

Vanessa and Stella were doughty—
I'm sure the grim Dean thought so too.
Proud Julia bored Herrick, and so he
At Anthea oft looked askew;
Félice and Dolores may sue;
I don't to such characters lean;
E'en to Phyllida bid I adieu
In The Ballade of Abigail Green.

ENVY.

Prince Cupid, thine arrow I rue,
For its point is uncommonly keen;
There's a hint of the harm it can do
In The Ballade of Abigail Green.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

A Magnificent Vase.

THE solid silver vase just completed by Tiffany & Co., which perpetuates the famous golden door of the Transportation building at the World's Fair, and which is designed as a testimonial from prominent American exhibitors to Willard A. Smith, chief of the department of transportation exhibits, is a notable illustration of the development of art metal work in this country.

The vase stands twenty-four inches high and measures forty-two inches in circumference. The Grecian form has been employed for a background, and upon this the artist has presented an allegorical representation by etching, carving, and chiseling pictures of those exhibits in the Transportation building which illustrate the various stages and progress in modes of transportation by land and water; but by far the most interesting part of the vase is the reproduction of the famous golden door of the building which faced the lagoon at the fair. This is a perfect piece of work; it measures 10½ inches across the foundation and stands 5½ inches high, and within this space is reproduced every detail of the structure.

Below the golden door, circling around the lower part of the vase, are ten panels, which tell the history of transportation on land. Dividing the panels are winged female figures

symbolical of transportation. Circling around the upper part of the body of the vase is another series of etched panels. In these are pictured the various methods and conveyances of transportation by water. On the obverse side of the vase is the etched inscription with the names of the donors, as follows:

From
American Exhibitors,
Department of Transportation Exhibits,
World's Columbian Exposition,
Chicago, U. S. A., 1893,
to
WILLARD A. SMITH, CHIEF,
In commemoration of the conception, perfection,
and administration of the first distinctive
Transportation Department in the history of
International Expositions.

The vase rests on an ebony base, on two sides of which there are large ivory panels. Engraved on one is a picture of the modern locomotive and tender; on the other the modern steamship. The detail in these panels is marvelously executed.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEETING.

THE intercollegiate athletic meeting which was held on Berkeley Oval, May 26th, was noteworthy aside from the fact that it gave Yale the opportunity to retain for another year the cup won on Manhattan field a year ago. Until now Yale has never held the championship for two successive years, but the great advance which the wearers of the blue have made in track and field athletics, and the resulting increase of interest in the sports, show that the days when Harvard used to have almost a walk-over at Mott Haven are forever gone by.

The games this year brought out a large number of good athletes from the smaller colleges, and five first prizes were taken by teams which could not hope for better than fourth place in the meeting. The mile walk, the mile and half-mile runs, and the two-mile bicycle races were the events in which Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania were beaten; most of them have heretofore been counted as sure victories for one of the three leaders. These upsets of predictions will make the intercollegiate more uncertain than ever from this time out. One of the three or four large universities will always win the championship, but there will be an increasing difficulty in predicting the victor, for the smaller colleges may step in at New York and carry off one of the prizes which everybody has conceded to Harvard or Yale. The loss of this one place may be enough to put Yale behind Harvard or the University of Pennsylvania, and entirely change the outcome of the meeting. This state of affairs will result in an over-increasing list of entries. As soon as Williams, Amherst, and Swarthmore learn that they have a good chance of winning in one race or another they will send down larger teams and hope for still more points than they have ever yet scored, and before long a thick book will be needed to contain the names of the contestants.

The games this year lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, and unless something is done before long the meeting will have to be prolonged over two days. Two events should be taken from the programme—the mile walk and the bicycle race. The walk is very distressing to the contestants, and the difficulty of telling when a man stops walking and begins to run is so great that the decisions of the judges often stir up a good deal of bad feeling among the supporters of the teams. The bicycle race is a pretty event and very exciting, but it takes too much time and is attended with serious risks to the riders. There were eleven races in the meeting of the 26th before the championship was decided, and these consumed a large part of the afternoon. Several men were thrown, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. A quarter-mile track is not the place for five men to ride in, and sometime there will be a bad accident in this race. With the walk and the bicycle race off the programme there will be reasonable hope of going through the list of events in one day, or possibly in less time than that. Harvard and Yale have practically decided to give up the walk in the dual league games, and it is to be hoped that the other colleges will follow their example. The abolition of the other event may meet with more opposition, but it would be a wise thing to bring about. At least, the trial heats of the bicycle race might be rode in the morning.

The remarkable performance of Ramsdell, of the University of Pennsylvania, well deserves mention. Unaided and alone he won three first places, and thus added fifteen points to the score of his team. He stood at the head in the 100-yards and 220-yards dashes and the

running broad jump. In the first two events he had to run in a number of trial heats against the picked men of the colleges, and yet was able to equal the college record of ten seconds in the 100, and ran the 220 in twenty-two seconds even. He jumped twenty-two feet one inch, and won from Bloss, Sheldon, and several other good jumpers. The history of the association, at least in its later days, does not present another case where a man has done so much in a single meeting. Often one strong athlete has won the hammer and shot, or a runner has taken first place in both the hurdle races, and Fearing used to be first in the high jump and one hurdle race, but Ramsdell has surpassed them all. Without him his college would have hard work to get fourth place.

And yet, notwithstanding the splendid record which Ramsdell made, the meeting proved that it is useless to depend on "stars." Pennsylvania adherents thought their team would make about forty points. They based their hopes on Orton, the widely advertised Canadian champion in the mile; Osgood, who has made such a reputation as a foot-ball player and a bicycle-rider without in the least deserting it; Bucholtz, a good pole-vaulter, and Freeman in the quarter. Not one of these wonders got a first, and Bucholtz was the only one to get a second. Then, there was Patterson, of Cornell, who had been throwing the hammer so far that his friends said he would surely win the event. He was beaten by Hickok and Chadwick. Patterson made one good throw, but fouled in doing it. Garcelon, of Harvard, did not equal the expectations which had been held by most people; his failure was due entirely to nervousness which makes him unequal to the strain of critical moments. Glenny, the Yale bicycle-rider, deserves a good word for his splendid work. It was plain that the other men had combined against him, but he won his preliminary heats through fine generalship, and almost lauded first in the finals.

THE HARVARD AND YALE CREWS.

In a few days now the Yale and Harvard crews will start for New London, and by the first of next week both eights will be hard at work on the Thames. Since the Harvard crew was last mentioned in these columns the men have again been changed about, although the time for changes has long since gone by. Kales is still stroking, but Purdon has gone back to his old seat in the bow of the shell, and Fennessy has moved to the other side of the boat at seven. The fact cannot be hidden that Harvard men are thoroughly discouraged at the prospects of their crew. The oarsmen are not at all together, and the days before the Yale race are so few that it will be almost impossible to get the best work out of them. The average weight of the crew is below the average, and the greatest care will have to be used or over-training will ensue. The hot days at New London will be especially dangerous. Stroke and bow weigh only a little more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and when they are in the best of condition will find a four-mile race all they care to attempt. If they are over-trained they will not be able to row the distance. Colonel Bancroft has not seen the crew row for some weeks, and Perkins and Adams have done all the coaching. Keyes will probably be at New London for a short time.

From now until June 28th (for the university race will be rowed on Thursday instead of Friday) the Yale crew will make rapid improvement, and to-day it is in much better form than the rival eight. Ives has done great things for the men, and the finishing touches, which will be put on by Captains Hartwell and Cook, will bring the wearers of the blue to the start in fine shape. They are rowing well together now, and are much further along than last year's crew was at the corresponding time of the season. The three bow men do not row in perfect form, but their strength compensates for mere lack of style, and the boat goes through the water very fast. The shell does not slow up between the strokes, and when the writer saw the crew last week the spacing was decidedly loose. Unless a sad attack of over-confidence reaches every man in the boat, Yale should win, hands down. But predictions about a boat-race are not to be depended on; so many little things may enable the poorer crew to win that it is unsafe to say anything without "hedging."

ANDOVER AND EXETER.

It is to be regretted that the two great preparatory schools of New England—Andover and Exeter—will not play each other this year, and that unless something is done very soon they will not meet on the foot-ball field next fall. Without doubt, Exeter has had professionals on her eleven and nine in recent years, although it has not always been as easy to

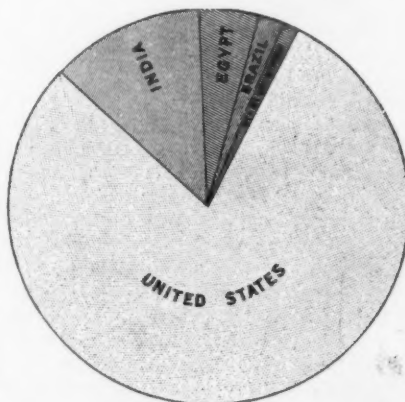
prove the facts as it was in the case of Donovan last fall, but now that Exeter has expressed a desire to meet Andover once more, there ought to be some way of bringing the schools together without danger of professionalism on either side. When school-boys in their "teens" think it necessary to pay men for engaging in athletics, things have reached a very bad state, but if the faculties of the academies would interest themselves in the affair, all trouble might be averted. It is high time for boys in preparatory schools, and men in colleges, to return to the old principle that it is better to lose a game honorably than to win it dishonorably. The annual Exeter-Andover games were fully as interesting as the Yale-Harvard contests, and it is a great pity that the alumni of the schools cannot bring about a reconciliation.

John Merrill.

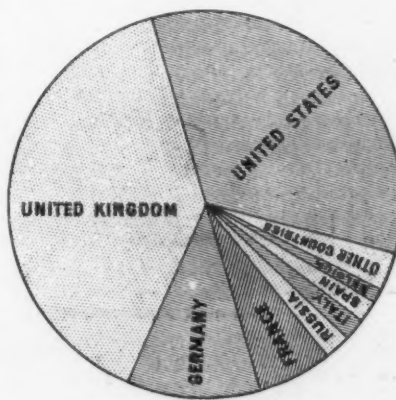
Our Cotton Crop.

THE planters of the region south of the Potomac and Ohio seem disinclined to resort to intensive or variety farming to better their condition, but they still continue to plant cotton as their almost exclusive crop, while the price sinks, year by year, below the point of profitable productiveness.

Texas, because of its enormous area, produces more cotton than any other State—more, in fact, than any foreign nation, and nearly as much as all the world outside of the United States. The other Gulf States push it closely in the amount of cotton grown by each, and they produce more than twice as much to the square mile. The following circular diagram shows the annual cotton crop of the world by countries of production:



The United States manufactures only about one-third of its own cotton crop, as is shown by the following sphere divided into segments indicating its distribution among the various countries of the world:



The total cotton crop of the United States in 1889 was 7,434,687 bales, and the entire value was about \$375,000,000. In 1892 the crop was the largest ever raised, reaching a total of 9,038,707 bales, but its market price per pound was so much less than that of 1889 that its aggregate value was smaller. The average value of the cotton crop is about one-tenth that of our entire agricultural product.

The cotton crop of the world is about 4,628,000,000 pounds; this is manufactured in various countries as follows—the figures representing millions of pounds:

Great Britain	1,530	Sweden	28
France	310	Netherlands	24
Germany	378	Belgium	52
Russia	369	Switzerland	52
Austria-Hungary	235	United States	1,010
Italy	152	India	283
Spain	165	Sundries	100
Total	4,628		

The Recent Storm in Pennsylvania.

THE storm which swept across the country from west to east during the fourth week in May was one of extraordinary severity. It was especially disastrous in Pennsylvania, where the heavy rains and cloud-bursts on the Alleghenies swelled the streams on either side into resistless torrents, which desolated all the low-lying regions within their reach. On the western watershed, Johnstown suffered the greatest flood it has known since the memorable one of 1889. At Pittsburg and Harrisburg traffic was suspended by the submersion of the railroad tracks, and the business portions of the latter city were for a time under water. Along the Susquehanna all the towns suffered more or less severely. At Williamsport thousands of people were driven from their homes, the flood overtaking them in the darkness of the night, and compelling them to seek safety by wading and rowing to higher ground. The damage in that city alone is estimated at one million of dollars. Lockhaven was cut off for days from the outside world, and many of the inhabitants were driven to the high ground for shelter. Sunbury had a like experience. The total loss in the State at large is placed by the Philadelphia Press at five millions of dollars. In many places houses were wrecked, bridges were swept away, and in the agricultural districts the crops were ruined. It is said that the entire tobacco crop of northern Pennsylvania and southwestern New York has been destroyed.

Situated as many of these Pennsylvania towns are, there is no possible escape for them when the spring freshets swell the rivers and break their barriers. Fortunately but very little loss of life is reported, ample warning having been given to the people of the endangered towns by the weather bulletins.

We give elsewhere a number of illustrations depicting some of the incidents of the flood.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE LONDON CAB STRIKE.

IN London the hansom-cab drivers are not paid as employees, but hire the vehicles of their owners for a daily rental. The strike recently initiated grew out of a refusal of the drivers to pay any longer the price demanded for the vehicles. They allege that business is dull, and that they cannot possibly make a living under the existing charges. The number of drivers enlisted in the strike is stated at five thousand, but apparently the city is over-supplied with cabs, for all accounts agree that the general inconvenience from the strike has been slight. The opening demonstration of the strike was a parade and meeting in Hyde Park, as shown in our picture.

A GREAT CATCH OF SEALS.

There was lately an enormous catch of young seals in Green Bay, Newfoundland. The seals were driven into the bay by strong northeast winds, and some fishermen succeeded in taking as many as one hundred and fifty, the money value of which would be about four hundred and fifty dollars—a not bad total for three or four days' work. Men, women, and children on such occasions take part in the work of killing and hauling the seals to the shore, as shown in our illustration. One steamer is reported to have carried as many as seventeen thousand prime young harp seals into St. Johns.

THE BRITISH LIBERALS.

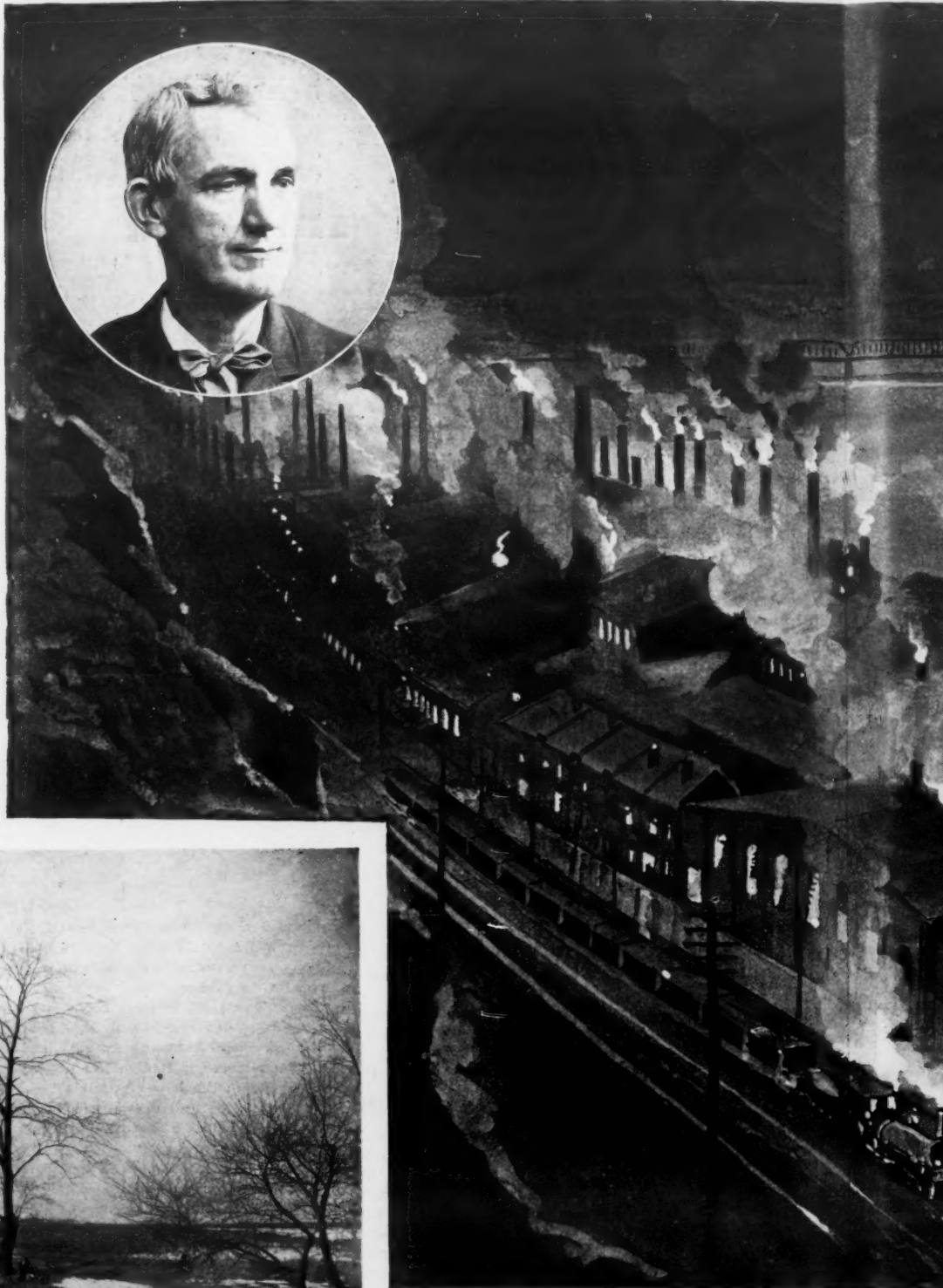
Among our foreign pictures is one of the conference recently held at the National Liberal Club, in London, when Lord Rosebery announced his policy—declaring that he would persist in the course he had marked out if he had only a majority of two. Sir William Harcourt said, on the same occasion, that he thought political crises capital things, and that he had never been the worse for a crisis in his life. The Conservatives have indulged in a good deal of ridicule of Rosebery's pretensions, and have anticipated a downfall of the ministry, but since the conference the government majorities in important votes in the Commons have been more decisive than on one or two occasions earlier in Rosebery's premiership. It is hardly probable, however, that the Liberals will be able to maintain themselves in permanent possession of the government.

OTHER PICTURES.

We published recently a portrait of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose latest novel, "Marcella," is just now being widely read. We give this week a new portrait, which is a more characteristic picture of the distinguished authoress as she is known to her intimate friends. We also give a picture of the Dunraven yacht, Val-kyrie, on her way across the Atlantic.



POST-OFFICE AND GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE MONONGAHELA.—"V"



WINTER AT SCHENLEY PARK.



THE MONONGAHELA—WHARF POINT BRIDGE.



City Hall.

Cathedral.

A GROUP OF TOWERS.

"As a vast manufacturing centre, whereof iron, steel, glass, smoke, and millionaires are among the staple products, a deal has been written and said of Pittsburgh. But little or no mention has been made of the city which man never saw among the most enchanting of the world's scenery."

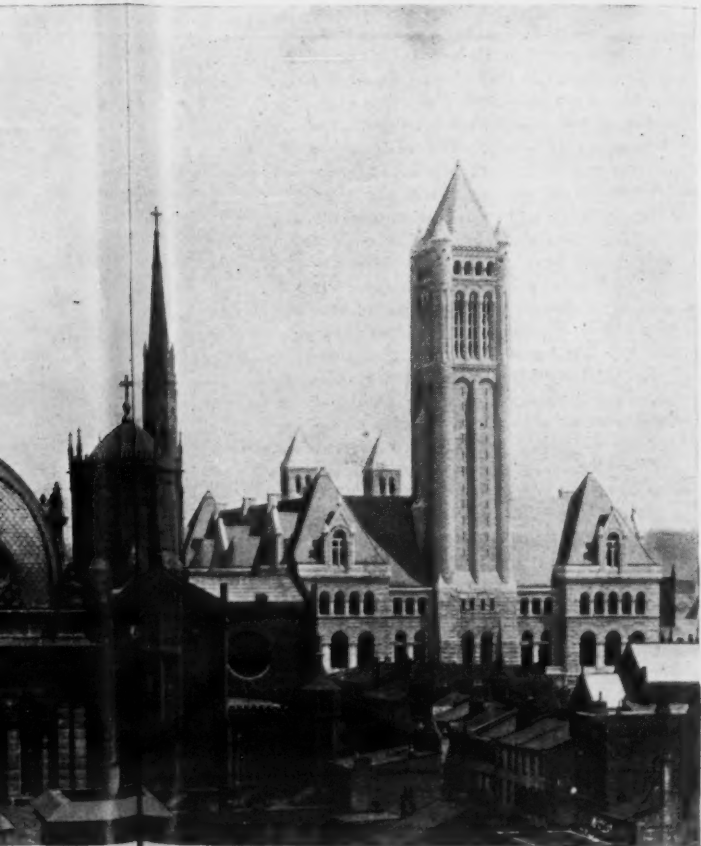
THE CITY OF PITTSBURG.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
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ON THE MONONGAHELA.—"WITH ALL ITS AWESOME WEIRDNESS THERE IS A FASCINATING PICTURESQUENESS IN THE DISPLAY."

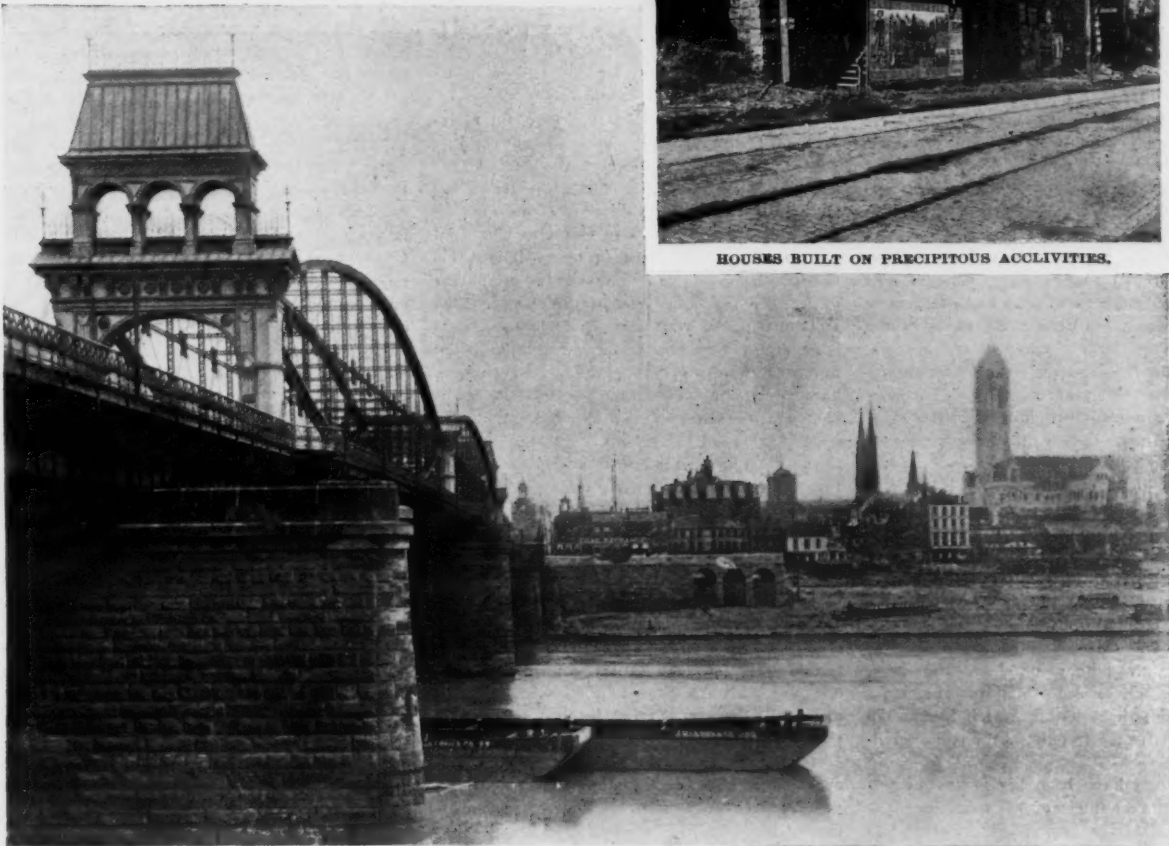


HOUSES BUILT ON PRECIPITOUS ACCLIVITIES.



Cathedral.
A GROUP OF TOWERS.

Court-house.



SMITHFIELD STREET BRIDGE ON THE MONONGAHELA.

But little or no mention has ever been paid to the picturesque, and even beautiful, aspects of this scene of bustling industrial and commercial activity. Yet here are to be seen sights the like of
t enchanting of the world's scenic enticements."—[See Article on Page 392.]

RG.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL AND OTHERS, AND SKETCHES.
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THE CITY OF PITTSBURG.

THANKS to its geographical position, Pittsburgh is accustomed to visitors. In this regard it might almost be described as the clearing-house between the established East and the spreading West. But it will have such a concourse of guests next September as will tax its powers of entertainment to the uttermost, while evoking all its capacity for welcome.

At that time, veterans of the war, with wives, nephews and nieces, children to the second and third generations, and other dependents untold, to upward of a quarter of a million strangers, will visit this city for the annual national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. No State did more to uphold the Federal cause than Pennsylvania. No city in the country is so well placed to attract and be easily reached by members of the Grand Army of the Republic and its affiliated organizations as is Pittsburgh. It is practically certain, therefore, that the coming encampment will witness a larger gathering and greater enthusiasm than any of its predecessors, with the possible exception of that in 1890 in the city of Washington.

As a vast manufacturing centre, whereof iron, steel, glass, smoke, and millionaires are among the staple products, a deal has been written and said of Pittsburgh. But little or no attention has ever been paid to the picturesque, and even beautiful, aspects of this scene of bustling industrial and commercial activity. Yet here are to be seen sights the like of which man never saw among the most enchanting of the world's scenic enticements. Elsewhere are cities builded on hills, as there have been since twin brothers quarreled over the foundations of Rome. But nowhere else is a city so large as Pittsburgh—or at least a community as extensive as Pittsburgh and its trans-pontine sister, Allegheny—so intimately associated with acclivities so precipitous and a topography so bewildering.

Leading citizens love, when they snatch an occasional moment from the engrossment of their individual affairs, to relate that this city turns out anything from coal to coke, from pig-iron to pickles, whisky to bottles, oil to harness-leather, cigars to incandescent lamps, and so on to the end of a lengthy and comprehensive chapter. They not unnaturally enjoy describing their dark-visaged dwelling-place as the "Light of America." For, of a truth, its window-glass, gas coal, petroleum, and electric apparatus provide a large proportion of the country's illuminants. Here, visitors are told, originates a greater freight tonnage than in any other city on the face of the globe. In this harbor, and that right recently, while waiting for water from the mountains to carry it down the Ohio River, was assembled a vaster tonnage (of coal alone) than ever tested the buoyancy of any one harbor in the world at any one time.

Of few cities can so much be seen at one moment from points within their compass, as may be descried with one bird's-eye glance from the many vantage points of Pittsburgh. From the spectacular heights of the city may be viewed unsurpassed panoramas of streets, rivers, and aggregations of every variety of building materials, now bathed in fleeting sunshine, and again shrouded in a ponderous cloud of smoke, with an apparently never-ceasing array of hills for encircling background. Not many great or striking buildings are discernible, though there are several very fair specimens of architecture, and one, in the commanding county court-house by Richardson, which successfully defies comparison with any structure of modern times.

Strange contrasts appear on the same streets. Sometimes the palace of a Dives almost overshadows the hovel of a Lazarus. Here is a millionaire's mansion shaded with stately trees and set in greenest lawns. There, almost within a stone's throw, is a kennel-like shanty, clinging to the quarried surface of the hillside, as a swallow's nest clings to the eaves, and beautified by nothing more lovely than discarded provision cans and cast-off shoes. There is a towering, stately public building, and here, within its shadow, are some of the most wretched habitations within which human beings were ever asked to exist at the call of civilization.

Whatever may have been his personal interests and profits, or those of his immediate patrons, to E. M. Bigelow, Director of Public Works, the city owes a large debt of gratitude for his work in the improvement of the city. And to this well knit little bundle of nervous energy is due most of the honor for Pittsburgh's acquirement of what promise some day to be

two of the finest public parks in the country. And during the hard times of the past winter the parks proved an inestimable boon in a manner which was little dreamed of when they were acquired. Herein, by popular subscription, which the munificence of Andrew Carnegie, Pittsburgh's creature, and part creator, duplicated, four thousand destitute men were furnished with employment during the dislocation of the regular industrial system, at a dollar a day. And, small though the wage was, hard the work, and occasionally cruel the weather, there was such distress that the employment was striven for as a priceless boon.

Some one once spoke of a night-scene in Pittsburgh as an exhibition of "hell with the lid off." There was a deal of truth in the simile, if childhood's idea of hell be taken as the basis of comparison. But with all its awesome weirdness there is a beauty and picturesqueness in the display most fascinating. At a certain curve on Fifth Avenue, one of the streets most filled with contrasts in this city of shade and light in close proximity, something like the following, but grander as color is grander than pen and ink, may be seen in the wee hours of almost any morning. Behind rises a steep hill, almost worthy the name of mountain, outlined against the sky, while perhaps the moon climbs over its edge as though belated at some revel in the elsewhere. The air is clearer than the gloomy would believe possible here. Stars glitter throughout the firmament in innumerable array. To the left the road sweeps out to the homes of the rich. To the right it winds toward the habitations of the poor and the throbbing business heart of the city. But the scene in front rivets attention. Below flows the Monongahela, its impurities concealed by the dusk as defects are shrouded by charity or riches. Between the river and the point of observation, many feet beneath, are scores of ruddy slits of glare from the half-covered chimneys of a group of furnaces. Across the band of water, and low upon its banks, are more fires and other ingots of the flame-red glow. A little higher up the river, and still upon its further shore, there is a sudden fierce blaze of yellow-orange light, prolonged until the converter has done its work and transmuted its charge of pig-iron into molten steel. A cloud floating above catches the glare as though it were a belated lingerer from some rosy sunset, or the precursor of a brilliant dawn. The low-lying waters mirror the illumination, and the sight is passing grand. Above furnaces and brightness rises, across the stream, another hill. It is brodered over with lines of pearls. The larger, brighter gems are electric lights. The smaller, dimmer jewels are gasoline lamps. And all these are reflected in the gliding water until it rather resembles some shimmering Titanic girdle, rich with Oriental adornments, than a highway for coal-barges or an open sewer.

Stand on the Sixth Street bridge, the state-liest of the fifteen—with at least one end in Pittsburgh, and face the west at the hour of sunset. You are looking at the birthplace of the Ohio. But so do the hills crowd one another that the mingling waters of the Allegheny and Monongahela, seem dammed by an impassable barrier of mountains. The sky is crimsoned over with the sun's good-night blush. The horizon is tinted with most delicate opalescent hues, and the passing traffic is forgotten in the rapturous beauty of the scene. Of a sudden, here, there, and everywhere, the hills are sprinkled with the diamond-dust of electricity. The light-towers of Allegheny edge the sky on the hilltops, like so many reproductions of the Pleiades. Everything takes on a comelier outline than its wont. The glory fades away, and another day is done.

And these are but feeble descriptions of what are simply samples of a feast of such sights to be found in and around Pittsburgh.

Then there are marvels of industry to be seen hereabout as well. By day or night interiors may be seen in Pittsburgh which can compete with any European chateau or mediæval cathedral for stirring interest. They are pregnant with the romance of the industrial life of to-day and to-morrow. There are marvelously ingenious combinations of machinery which almost outdo such figments of the imagination as are found in stories like "The Coming Race." There may be seen evidences of man's victory over matter, such as fill the mind with admiration for triumph won, and incite the imagination to dream of victories to be achieved in the unborn future.

Vignettes of the Day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, is as nervous as a witch when he comes to New York. The delightful rhymester has never gotten over his love for the green fields and babbling brooks, and so he finds the hurly-burly of life in Gotham town almost unbearable. The cable cars annoy him excessively. The men and women who push and jostle him on the elevated-railroad trains drive him to distraction, and the obsequious waiter is the last straw. And yet throughout it all Riley preserves his good nature to a wonderful degree. Personally he is one of the most charming of men, a capital story-teller, a delightful companion, and really gifted as an after-dinner speaker, although I have known him to shake like an aspen for an hour before he was called upon to reply to a toast—a nervous failing not uncommon to celebrated preachers and actors as well. Riley is on very good terms with the world and himself. He has an income of quite thirty thousand dollars a year from his books and his readings. His poems are in demand by all the leading magazine editors, and are copied more extensively by the periodical press than the poetry of any other American writer to day. Not only this, but his fame has spread to other lands, and his verses have been translated into French and German; and little wonder, for he has spoken the universal language of love, tears and laughter, a language understood the world over.

* * *

I wonder if Cornelius Vanderbilt is really so very happy in his gorgeous palace on Fifth Avenue? I ask this question for two reasons. His magnificent home, facing beautiful Central Park, is unrivaled by any other residence in this country. It is in every sense a palace. From the kitchen to the smallest room in the turret it is furnished in the best of taste, and with all that money and art can do to make it habitable. A retinue of servants, both men and women, anticipate all the wants of Mr. Vanderbilt and his family. The best chef that could be obtained is in charge of the culinary department. Nothing seems to be lacking to make this home complete in every way. But if he be happy his face does not indicate it. I see him very often, walking with measured tread, solemn-looking and alone. Sometimes Mrs. Vanderbilt is with him, both dressed in deep mourning, pushing their way slowly through the crowd on Fifth Avenue, and apparently seeing no one. Both of their faces are heavy, as from some sorrow. Yet I suppose they are the envy of half of the town, but you can find a thousand men waiting in line for admission each night to the free lodging-houses, whose faces betray more pleasure and who apparently have more concern in what is going on about them.

* * *

Some of the writers for newspapers who are not well informed have again been insisting that the Goulds are "trying to enter society," whatever that may mean. These writers do not go so far as to say how this breaking into the sacred precincts of the Four Hundred, so called, is to be accomplished, whether with a jimmy as does the burglar when safe-cracking, or through some other agency which may have the sanction of the law; but, whatever the means to be employed, those who know the Goulds laugh immoderately at the idea. To begin with, the Goulds are in society. That is to say, they have a large and ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances. They entertain splendidly, and are entertained splendidly in return. They have one of the finest city residences in New York, large, roomy, elegantly furnished, with all that art can do to make it attractive. They have several country places, and altogether enjoy life as well as anybody can who has a surplus of health, money, and good nature. George Gould cares nothing for society, neither does his wife or sisters or brothers. He is not a club man, an epistémure, nor a man of fashion. He likes work. He has the confidence and esteem of all the moneyed men in New York. He likes to read, and he has a fine library. He likes to drive, and he keeps good horses. He likes a bountiful table, and he keeps a good chef. He likes money, and is ever adding, by judicious investment, to his large fortune.

Mrs. Gould is much like him. She cares nothing for fashionable life. She loves her family, and, as all women, likes to dress well. Her wardrobe is large, as becomes her fortune, and her jewels are many and valuable. But in dress she is not obtrusive.

I have seen her a great deal of late. At Lakewood, during the winter, she was much sought after. I saw her many times at the opera with her husband and a few friends, in her box, bearing bravely a fusillade of opera-

glasses from every part of the house, but she seemingly only paid attention to the performance and her own party, and those gentlemen who called at her box between the acts. From all that I have seen and heard, from those who know, I incline to the opinion that "society" is much more anxious to be on good terms with the Goulds than the Goulds are to bow down before "society."

FOSTER COATES.

The Vigilant's Transatlantic Voyage.

THOSE who remember the appearance of the *Vigilant*, with her towering spars and belying balloon sails, would fail to identify her in her present yawl rig. Her old mast remains, but a stubby stick has replaced the tall topmast, and a little jigger mast has grown out upon her stern, upon which will be carried a small triangular sail, which it is supposed will be of great service in keeping her head up to the wind, in case she is compelled to lay to in a gale. Her mainsail contains barely half the canvas of the one she raced in. The bowsprit has been shortened by shoving it inboard about six or eight feet, the reduced jib giving ease in meeting heavy seas. On her decks she will carry six fishermen's dories, to be used as life-boats in case of necessity. These will be carried in two nests abaft the mainmast.

Captain Hank Haff, who will sail her in all her races abroad, though an American to the backbone, has nothing of the spread-eagle in his composition, and is prepared to meet reverses with equanimity. In a conversation with him he said he expected the *Vigilant* to outfoot all her competitors with equal conditions of wind and tide, but he is apprehensive that English rules of measurement will saddle her with such excessive time allowance that she may lose some races thereby, over tortuous and partly land locked courses, with strong tideways, where skillful piloting is a more important factor than masterly handling.

Captain Haff has great faith in the *Jubilee* as a scientific product of progressive yacht building, and hopes at some future time to see her have a chance at the "cracks" of the other side, with every confidence in her ability to win. He will go out as a guest on the Gould steam yacht *Atalanta*, which will carry the racing spars of the *Vigilant*. These spars are all done up in canvas, but the great hollow boom of the champion is especially well protected with long strips of wood lashed along it. It is evident that the experiment of the hollow boom and hollow gaff will be tried by Mr. Gould on the other side this year.

Bishop Huntington.

On June 12th will occur a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Frederic Dan Huntington, S. T. D., LL. D., as bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Central New York. It may also be considered a celebration of the completion of the first quarter century of the diocese, for Dr. Huntington is its first and only bishop. The real day for this anniversary was on April 8th, but the principal observance of the event will occur on June 12th, because that day falls during the annual convention of the diocese, when each of the hundred and more parishes will be represented at St. Paul's Cathedral in Syracuse. It was decided to devote one whole day of this important session to celebrating the close of the good bishop's first twenty-five years of Episcopal service. Addresses will be given by a number of the most learned men of the church, and the choral service will be one of the most elaborate that has ever been carried out, by vested choirs of the city.

Bishop Huntington was born on May 28th, 1819, and at the age of twenty years was graduated from Amherst College. He also studied at the Cambridge Divinity School. He was a pastor for thirteen years in the city of Boston, being at that time a Unitarian. For five years he was preacher to the university and a professor in Harvard. After that he became an Episcopalian, and built up Emanuel parish in Boston, over which he had charge when he was elected to his present exalted position.

Bishop Huntington is a thorough and constant student, has a most kindly disposition, and has written many books, largely of a devotional character. He has, also, pronounced views on the labor question, and in his writings he tends strongly to the side of the wage-earner. A multitude of admirers outside of his own denomination will unite in felicitating him upon his quarter-century of service in behalf of every good cause.



A Highway in Himalaya.

By Henry Willard French.

"Report at Simla." That was all there was to the order, and Simla was forty miles away, directly over the Shikri Pass, sixteen thousand feet above the sea.

An order to ride as far through an enemy's country, where success would have meant something, would have been duly appreciated; while this meant harder work and greater danger, with neither glory nor satisfaction at the end—only a feeling of grim relief that the thing was over with. However, there was no help for it.

The path, such as it was, never over four feet wide, twisted like a snake along the sides of giant ledges. On our left rose the perpendicular cliff, and high up above us the jagged, projecting rocks sometimes even overhung the narrow highway. On the right there was—nothing. The sheer precipice often fell away as abruptly as it rose above us, till, walking nearer to the edge than was at all agreeable, one could see nothing beneath him but black shadows, a thousand—sometimes two thousand—feet below; blue-black shadows that in reality were vast forests of dead trees.

If one ventured to look up, the black, beetling crags, cutting the sky, began to sway. If he persisted in it for a moment the whole mass seemed plunging down upon him. If he looked down instead, his heart stopped beating. He gasped for breath. His head grew heavy and faint, and if he persisted in that, even the oldest mountaineer found himself helplessly swaying, and irresistibly tempted to plunge over the brink.

There was absolutely nothing that it was safe to investigate but the horse's head—a thing which loses much of its pristine charm upon a forced familiarity too long protracted.

Hidden in the valley a mad mountain river invariably plunged among the pines, filling the air with a deep, distant thunder. Here and there a blue cloud hung above the dark forest, where the torrent was making a grand leap in its own unbroken solitude.

Now an endless expanse of mountain peaks gleamed in eternal ice. Some even rose above the snow-line in black pinnacles and cones, almost five miles above the sea. Then the sky would be but a narrow belt of light above, the valley a deep, black, narrow gorge, the opposite ledge as precipitous and high as the one along whose side we were creeping, sometimes not over two thousand feet away.

Into the thunder of the rivers broke the roaring and crashing of avalanches, the creaking and cracking of the glaciers, and more than once we were enveloped in a dense cloud of frozen spray drifting down from some snow-slide on the mountain above us.

My horse shuffled along at a loose, shacking gait, his feet slipping and rolling on the narrow way till it seemed a miracle that he kept the path at all; while occasionally, by way of variety, a line of laden mules appeared, or a half-dozen native carriers with baskets on their shoulders which made them almost as broad as the mules. They always took advantage of the unwritten law of the mountains giving to the greater number the right to the inside, and as no one was ever known to go alone over those mountains, I, with my one servant, was always in the minority. They would place themselves in line against the ledge, always taking more space to themselves than was requisite, and wait for me to pass them, with a sparkle in their black eyes which said as plain as words that it would be rather amusing than otherwise, so far as they were concerned, if we made a miss of it and went over.

Regardless of the danger of a compound fracture in my nervous system, the horse at such times appeared to pay less attention to business than ever. He shuffled along at the same old pace, so near the brink that I could see the sandy pebbles, loosened by his feet, roll over the edge and disappear. Yet in his own quiet way that horse always rose to the occasion. He did not even appear to be conscious that he was passing anything at all, but if it were a line of carriers on foot, no sooner had he passed the last than he would give his tail a vicious switch, cutting him sharply in the face, and I could imagine the solemn creature smiling to himself as he heard the yell of pain and the volley of curses that followed him as he jogged along.

If it were a line of mules instead, as he reached the last one he always gave him a sharp nip in the thigh, sending a pair of heels flying through the air, for those behind to stand from under or take the consequence.

Four days we had had of it, and were dragging ourselves through the fifth. It was often frightful, but even that grew monotonous. I was strongly impressed with a belief that my horse was asleep more than half the time, and after vainly seeking for such a system of entertainment as should keep him awake, I had gradually come to see the wisdom of his course, and was actually joining him in an afternoon nap.

It is true there was always something to fret about. There never was a more obliging bank from which to borrow trouble. The path was forever coming to an end, apparently, a few hundred feet ahead; with a certainty that my somnambulist was about to walk off into eternity. When we reached the point, however, the path was still there, only making a sharp curve with the projecting ledge.

We were in a narrow, dark defile when I fell asleep. A sharp turn was just ahead when I was suddenly roused by a lunge that almost unseated me, to find every muscle and fibre of horseflesh beneath me trembling and quivering, and the horse crouching with his haunches jammed against the ledge and his fore feet barely caught upon the shelving brink.

I could see nothing beyond the curve, except that the path was a log bridge. The nearer ends of the logs were in sight, and all in place, yet something—I wondered if it could have been a dream—had given the horse so good a fright that he had evidently tried to turn, upon that narrow highway, found it impossible, and was now straining every muscle to hold his grip, while his feet were slipping farther over the edge with every trembling breath.

In one quick glance so much was sure, and before the prickling sleep had left my eyes, or the shock of waking had ceased to tingle in my finger-tips, I had slipped from the saddle, upon the side toward the bridge, as that was the way that the horse must come into the path again if he came at all, and, holding the rein in my hand, was stepping backward, to encourage him, if possible, to make at least one desperate effort.

Glancing over my shoulder to be sure of the curve, I started, very much as he had, I fancy, and as nearly went over.

Upon the bridge, just round the curve, stood a huge black bear, with a woolly-headed cub between her paws.

She rose on her haunches with a savage snarl as I appeared, and, pushing the cub one side, came deliberately toward me. A moment for thought was impossible. She was less than ten feet away, in front, and the horse across the path behind. I dropped the rein, caught my rifle, threw it to my shoulder and fired, all in an instant.

If I knew anything at all I knew better than to fire a rifle in such a defile as that.

The bear fell over against the cliff, braced her feet upon the logs, and in a fierce death-struggle tore them from their hold. As the first deafening crash of the rifle resounded from the opposite ledge I saw the bridge and bear and cub go down together, leaving only the smooth face of the precipice as far as the eye could reach about the curve.

Shutting my eyes and staggering back against the cliff, I felt for my horse. He was gone. My eyes opened, instinctively, before I gained control of myself, and with one glance my heart stood still.

Shaken by the reverberation, a long stretch of the path behind me had also disappeared, and the booming thunder that rose with great clouds of dust told where it was then plunging onward, a quarter of a mile or more below.

Before I could close my eyes again a scale parted from the cliff opposite. It fell a hundred feet, then struck the ledge, and a puff of dust shot up like the smoke from a blast.

Instantly a subtle line shot right and left, and while I watched it, cold with horror, the entire side of the cliff went down.

With a shudder I sank upon the narrow fragment of the highway that remained; but "the spell was upon me." The very mountain seemed to rock and sway. I crowded myself into the angle of the path and ledge, and buried my face there, clutching rough projections, and

clinging for my life, while the whole cliff seemed to roll like a ship in a heavy sea.

So real was the sensation that with every lurch my fingers slipped upon the rocks, and more than once I almost let go, in a perfect sense of having clung till the last atom of strength was gone.

I could feel it crumbling. A cold shudder crept over me. I had no motive in it whatever, and indeed I was only half conscious of the fact, but I uttered one frantic yell.

Then something sounded which called me back to a semblance of reason. I listened, shouted again, and heard a reply from my native servant, not far away.

Without thinking I turned over and, in comparison with what my imagination had been painting, that little shelf, four feet by twenty, seemed like a table-land. Crawling to the edge I looked over, not only to find my servant making his way along the rocks, but a very fair possibility for me to join him, which was soon accomplished.

As suddenly and completely as it possessed me the fear departed. I had quite forgotten it when I realized that it was gone. It was only a nightmare when we reached Simla, but a nightmare it has remained ever since. There were friendly congratulations, of course, and brilliant suggestions that the next time I leave my rifle behind me. That was all; while if I had endured one-half as much in an enemy's country I should have been promoted and immortalized.

That is why I should have preferred to have the order read that way.

Interesting to Stamp-Collectors.

If there is any youth who needs a set of the stamps of the United States for his album, let him persuade his father to write to his Congressman to go to Mr. Craig and get them for him. If he does not hurry the chance may be gone. After the first day of July it will be much more difficult to get the stamps than it is now.

Mr. Craig is the pleasant gentleman who presides over the office of Third Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington, and he will not thank me at all for making public this information. Of course Mr. Craig does not give away stamps; but he has "proofs" of the stamp designs from the company which prints them, which, for an amateur collector, are almost as satisfactory as the stamps themselves.

The reason that an India-proof set is a good thing to get right now, if you want it at all, is this: On the first day of July the Bureau of Engraving and Printing will undertake the contract for printing the stamps. That contract has always been in the hands of private bank-note companies before. The officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing have peculiar ideas about the securities of the government, they tell me. They think that they have no right to give away specimens of their work on these securities. You could not get a bank-bill or a Treasury-certificate in India-proof; or even with the word "specimen" printed across its face. The Solicitor of the Treasury, who is learned in the law, has given an opinion that the law prohibits the issue of such specimens. Therefore the officials of the bureau tell me that it will be much more difficult, if it is not impossible, for the amateur collectors of stamps to get these specimens of the stamps of the United States after the first of July.

Of course nothing can prevent the collector buying a set of stamps in open-market. He can go to his local post-office and obtain them without any trouble. But they will cost him sixteen dollars and sixty cents; for that is the cash value of a full set of the stamps of the United States of the present issue, not including the special-delivery stamp, or the envelope stamp, or the periodical stamp.

And, by the way, that periodical stamp is a good thing to get if you can. It is the most peculiar stamp issued by the government. You could not buy one at the post-office for a thousand dollars. There is only one way to get a set of the periodical stamps—to steal them. And in fact that is the way they come into collectors' hands indirectly. Whenever a post-office is robbed, the thief, if he is a knowing thief, takes the periodical stamps to a collector or a dealer. A set of these periodical stamps with the word "specimen" stamped across the face is worth fifteen dollars or more; a set without the word "specimen" is of much greater value. These stamps are used to pay postage on newspapers and magazines like FRANK LESLIE'S or any of the great monthlies. When the publisher pays the postage on his paper in cash the postmaster takes the necessary periodical stamps out of his safe, cancels them, and returns them

to the Post-office Department at Washington. If Mr. Craig really wants to, he can get copies of these stamps in specimen or India-proof for you. But don't bother Mr. Craig by writing to him; for he would not like that at all. Get your Congressman to write to him. He can get the stamps for you.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Puzzlers' Oddities.

Furnished by E. R. Chadbourn.

1.



MINNIE SINGER.

2.—A PILE OF BOARDS.

- Two boards that name a household god and a celestial body.
Go with each ship that rounds Cape Cod, or seeks Passamaquoddy.
- A board in use long time ago, to make the figure straighter.
- And one where other figures show the youthful calculator.
- A board on which the tourist jaunts, admiring as he travels.
- The board that reads, "Go buy your pants at Frayaway & Havel's."
- A welcome board at eventide, and mostly made of metal.
- The board in which it may abide while waiting for the kettle.
- A board where kings and queens are made to wage a war or block it.
- An ancient game; some coins that strayed from Master Slender's pocket.
- A board that on the house is set, to guard from wind and weather.
- And one where black and white are met in harmony together.

M. C. S.

3.—A BANKER'S QUESTION.

A man, on the birth of his son, placed ten dollars to his credit in the bank, and declared his intention of adding a like sum on each succeeding birthday until the son became of age; but on reaching his twenty-first year the youth found but sixty dollars, with interest, to his credit.

This amount was correct, but why?

MINNIE MUMF.

4.—PARADOX.

A word of nine letters I have here in view.
The queerness of which I shall point out for you.
Now, four of the letters wholly erase,
And a miracle seems to have taken place:
For, though of nine letters our total was spun,
Of the nine letters is now left before us but one!
Now, our age scientific will not tolerate
Whole belief in the magic of which jugglers prate;
So "the why and the wherefore" I beg you to show—
Those four missing letters; pray, where did they go?

MABEL P.

5.—REVERSAL.

When a trained horse is one, he'll stand
And wait in patience for command.
The smallest coin that e'er was made
Is two, which once was used in trade.
Should you dispute this statement true,
I might tell you that you're a two.

NELSONIAN.

Answers will be published next month.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.

Good News for Sufferers—

Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

OUR readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

M. S. Hart, Yale, 4th.

W. F. Garcelon, Harvard, 2d.

A. Coonley, Harvard, 3d.

E. H. Cady, Yale, 1st.



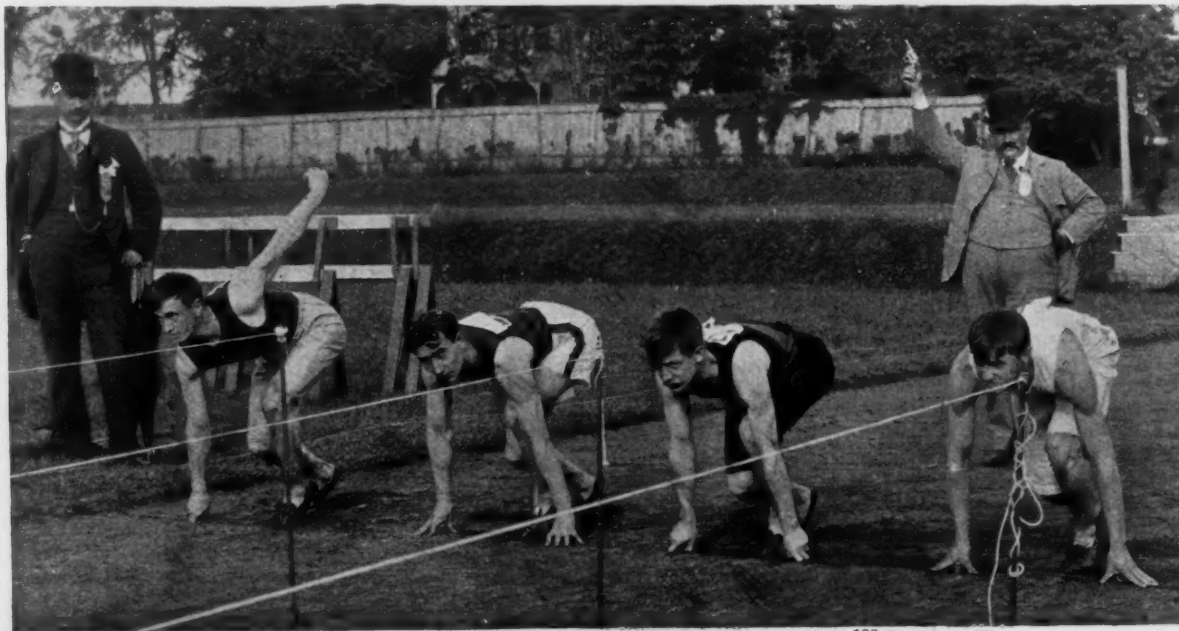
START IN THE 120-YARDS HURDLE RACE (FINAL).

E. S. Ramsdell, U. of Pa., 1st.

C. H. Judd, U. of Pa.

G. R. Swain, Princeton.

H. S. Patterson, Williams, 2d.

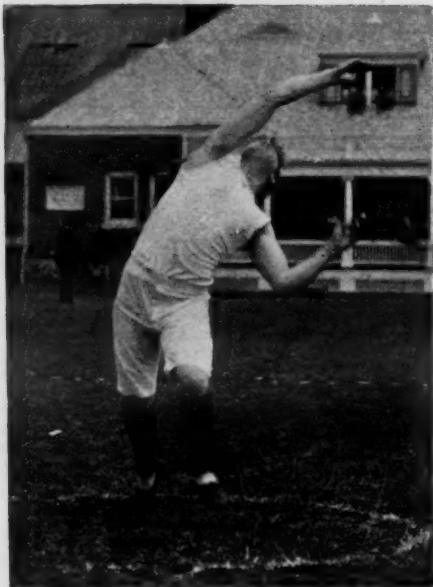


FINAL IN THE 100-YARDS DASH.

W. H. Glenny, Yale.

J. A. Wiborn, U. of Pa.

F. W. Sims, Swarthmore.



W. O. HICKOK, YALE, THE RECORD-BREAKER.



START IN THE BICYCLE RACE (HEAT).



PATTERSON, CORNELL.



G. W. Orton, U. of Pa., 2d.

J. E. Morgan, Yale, 2d.

O. Jarvis, Wesleyan, 1st.

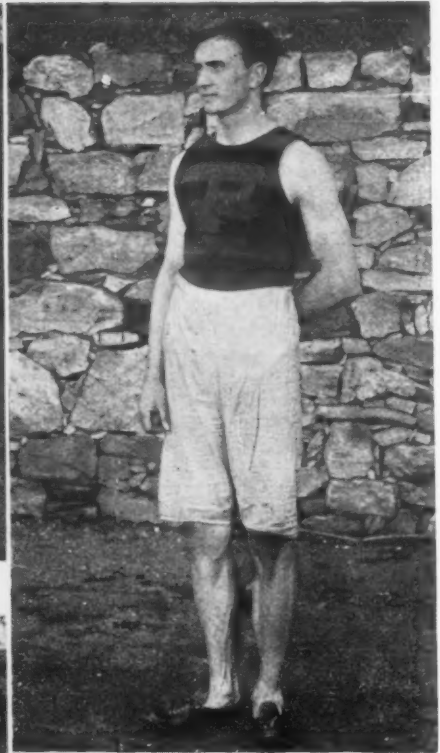
START IN THE ONE-MILE RUN.

YALE WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC GAMES ON BERKELEY OVAL, MAY 26TH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

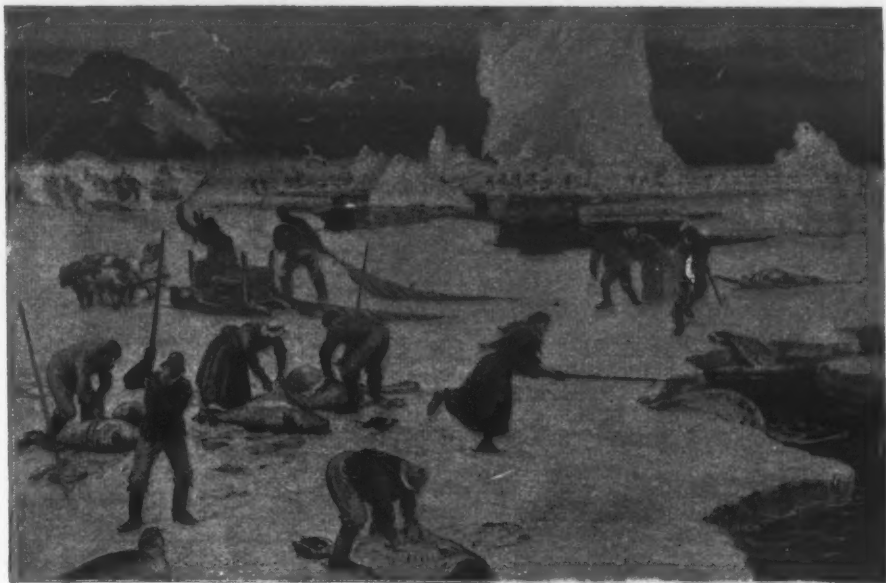
[SEE PAGE 389.]

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E. S. RAMSDELL, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WINNER OF THREE CHAMPIONSHIPS, THE MOST REMARKABLE FEAT ON RECORD.



Bucholtz, U. of Pa., 3d.



A GREAT CATCH OF SEALS DRIVEN ASHORE BY STRESS OF WEATHER AT GREEN BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.—*London Graphic*.



1. St. Nicholas, in Hamburg, 144.2 metres. 2. The Cathedral, Antwerp, 123 metres. 3. The Stefans, in Vienna, 137 metres. 4. The Cathedral in Rouen, 149 metres. 5. St. Peter's in Rome, 138.7 metres. 6. The Dome in Cologne, 156 metres. 7. The Minster in Ulm, highest church in the world, 161 metres. 8. St. Giraldu, in Seville, 111.5 metres. 9. St. Paul's, in London, 111.3 metres. 10. The Minster in Strasburg, 143 metres. 11. The Dome in Freiburg, 125 metres.

THE COMPARATIVE HEIGHT OF THE ELEVEN HIGHEST TOWERS IN EUROPE.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.—*Pall Mall Budget*.



THE "VALKYRIE" CROSSING THE ATLANTIC FROM NEW YORK.—*Black and White*.



LORD ROSEBERY ADDRESSING THE POLITICAL CONFERENCE AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.—*Black and White, London*.



THE CAB STRIKE IN LONDON—A STRIKERS' PROCESSION CHEERING A "FAIR-PRICED" CAB.—*London Daily Graphic*

IN MEDIAS RES.

FOREMAN (of the Sharptown Star)—"I see you've marked the paragraph about water-melons being in our midst for the editorial page?"

Editor—"Well, what if I have?"

Foreman—"Don't you think it would be safer to put it between the pain-killer and Jamaica-ginger ads?"—Judge.

STERN NECESSITY.

FRED—"So you're single again?"

Ned—"Yes; but I'll have to marry again in order to be able to pay my alimony."—Judge.

BOUND BY HABIT.

MRS. CAWKER—"Don't you think it is very strange that Mrs. Stivett hasn't returned my call yet?"

Mr. Cawker—"Not at all. It is merely the result of force of habit."

Mrs. Cawker—"How is that?"

Mr. Cawker—"She was a telephone girl before her marriage."—Judge.



For Baby's Skin
Scalp and Hair use CUTICURA SOAP
the purest sweetest and most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world

Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Props., Boston.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Distilled and bottled by **HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED**
WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. Canadian Club Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from the local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

LONDON,
63 & 70 Mark Lane, E. C.

NEW YORK,
1232 Broadway.

CHICAGO,
223 & 224 Monadnock Bldg.



This is a **LUMP OF GUM CHICLE**. It is the solidified sap of a tree growing in MEXICO. The sap is gathered much the same as we collect MAPLE sap in this country. It is about the color of rich cream, sweet tasting, perfectly clean, and absolutely harmless. This is the only Gum used by **PRIMLEY** in making his **CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM**. The BEST and PUREST Gum made.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. INSIST ON PRIMLEY'S.

Send 5 outside wrappers of either California Fruit or PRIMLEY'S Pepsin Chewing Gum, with two 2-cent stamps, and we will send you "The World's Desire," by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, or any other one of our 1,700 fine books. Send for List. **J. P. PRIMLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.**

BROMO-SELTZER

Promptly Cures all Headaches.

A HAMMOCK.

A HAMMOCK seems a fishing-net,
A pretty good all-rounder;
The fish that one expects to get—
A perch and then a flounder.
—Judge.

THE tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

We recommend Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to those who suffer with dyspepsia.

THE COFFEE HABIT

is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.



HIRES' Rootbeer

makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by **The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.**

Send 2c. stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

GLISTENING PEARLS

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE was indeed A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

Queen Among Queens.

For Sale by Druggists.

"CLEANLINESS IS NAE PRIDE, DIRT'S NAE HONESTY." COMMON SENSE DICTATES THE USE OF

SAPOLIO



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN and VERMOUTH.

For the Yacht,
For the Sea Shore,
For the Mountains,
For the Fishing Party,
For the Camping Party,
For the Summer Motel,

For everywhere that a delicious Cocktail is appreciated. We prefer that you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
39 Broadway, New York; Hartford, Connecticut; and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the Sohmer Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Mfg'r & Prop'r,
75 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.



So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white.

With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

DUMINY CHAMPAGNE.

Vin Brut, vintage 1889.

Extra Qualit  Sec, vintage 1884.

ANTHONY Oechs, 51 Warren Street,
SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.



SCORCHER

ARE THE MOUNT FOR '94.

BICYCLES.

\$75 FOR 28-IN.

No. 1. For Men.

30 lbs. An excellent all-round wheel.

No. 1. For Ladies.

30 lbs. Designed for Ladies' use exclusively.

\$50 FOR 26-IN.

No. 2 and No. 3 same

lines as No. 1 and No. 4, weighing only 27 and 32 lbs. respectively.

These wheels are suited for medium-sized riders.

\$40 FOR 24 IN.

No. 3. For Youths.

Weight, 25 lbs.

No. 6. For Misses.

Weight, 30 lbs.

Miniature Bicycles. Perfect in every detail. Same construction as Nos. 2 and 5.

The Scorchers has the same frame as CRESCENT No. 1, the weight being reduced to 25 pounds by substituting wood rims, Palmer or M. & W. light roadster tires and Scorchers saddle. Price, \$90.

Our practical catalogue shows every part of the CRESCENT bicycles. Send for one.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

ASK FOR SLICED "BEECH-NUT BACON"—IN POUND BOXES.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES

Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO., 82 West 15th St., New York.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK FOR
4 CENTS.
A COPY OF THE
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF THE
"FOUR TRACK SERIES"

New York Central Books and Etchings

will be sent to any address free, post-paid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station New York.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS
TO
OMAHA
TWO TRAINS DAILY

NICKEL RATE.
The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS Buffalo and Chicago

PALACE SUPERB BUFFET DINING

SLEEPERS, CARS, THROUGH SLEEPING CARS

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO DESTINATION.

Tickets to all Points East or West at Lowest Rates.

AT CHICAGO the Depot of the Nickel Plate Road is located at Twelfth St. Viaduct, cor. Twelfth and Clark Sts., convenient by street car or elevated R. R. to any part of the city.

AT CLEVELAND all trains stop at Euclid Ave. and Pearl St., and at Main Passenger Station Broadway near Cross St.

AT BUFFALO trains run into Union Depot of the Erie Railway.

For rates and other information consult nearest Ticket Agent, or address

A. W. JOHNSTON, Gen'l Sup't. B. F. HORNER, Gen'l Pass. Agt. CLEVELAND, OHIO

F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENIC LINE

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

PACIFIC COAST TOURISTS SHOULD NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ROUTE

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Bright's Disease



BUFFALO

LITHIA WATER
Nature's Great Remedy in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Dr. William A. Hammond, Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc.: "I have for some time made use of the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In cases of affections of the nervous system, complicated with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys or with a Gouty Diathesis. The results have been eminently satisfactory."

G. Halstead Boyland, M. D., of the Faculty of Paris and University of Leipzig; Late Surgeon in the French Army; Formerly Professor in the Baltimore Medical College:

"In cases of Bright's Disease, in which albumen in the urine reached as high as fifty per cent., I have known it, under a course of this Water, gradually diminish and finally disappear at the same time other alarming symptoms were relieved and the sufferers restored to health."

Dr. William B. Towles, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia: "The effects of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

are marked in causing a disappearance of albumen from the urine. In a single case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, I witnessed decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Officer of New York City: "I have prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

with great benefit in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, of New York, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital: "In all cases of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the albumen."

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd, of Baltimore, President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Baltimore Medical College; Formerly Professor of Practical Medicine, etc.:

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

has an ascertained value in Bright's Disease. A knowledge of its action in that disease thus far would seem to warrant the belief that it would in many instances, at least in its early stages, arrest it entirely, and in its more advanced stage prove a decided comfort and palliative."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

Words of Commendation.

THE "Greater New York" number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has received high praise in all quarters. Letters commending it are pouring in upon us in a flood. A member of the Sun staff writes: "It is a splendid issue. Numbers of people have spoken to me about it especially." A gentleman in Baltimore speaks of the issue as "handsome and artistic—the finest result of newspaper printing and illustration" he has ever seen. A member of the manufacturing firm of Allen, Aekley & Co., of Cincinnati, says: "I congratulate you upon your great success in making this a most attractive number in every respect." A Chicago correspondent writes: "Congratulations upon your magnificent 'Greater New York' number. It is a triumph and a 'scoop.' I am prouder of New York than ever, and so is every son of New York who sees this issue during his exile." Still another writer says: "It was a superb production from the standpoint of illustration. Everyone who has seen it tells me. As to the letterpress it is sure to be quoted." And so it goes. We are, of course, gratified at the public appreciation of our efforts to hold the lead in illustrated journalism, and these kindly expressions will stimulate us to redoubled exertions to that end. We will be glad to hear from any and all of our readers, not only as to this special number, but as to the general make-up and quality of FRANK LESLIE'S. We realize that honest criticism is always helpful. We add a few specimen notices from contemporaries.

[Kingston Daily Freeman.]

A fine bit of enterprise in the last issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which is called a "Greater New York" number. It presents the New York of to-day with profuse illustrations of the superb architecture which crowns the metropolis, and it gives a "forecast of the future" in a gorgeous picture which is scarcely an exaggeration of what already exists. Publisher Arkell has produced something which will be thrown away by no one who gets hold of it.

[Troy Times.]

This week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a "Greater New York" number, and its first page picture is a "forecast of the future" of the metropolis. Scattered through the number are artistic views of buildings and scenes in and around New York, and from them one can obtain a good understanding of the delights of life in the great city. The publication of such a series of pictures is an evidence of prosperity and of enterprise, and shows that FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is one of the most progressive features of a progressive city.

[Buffalo Express.]

The "Greater New York" number of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a combination of present facts and future possibilities. The New York of the future, according to this forecast, is to be a vast assemblage of awfully tall buildings, with two-story elevated railroads and a score of bridges across the rivers. The deep, ravine-like streets will be horrible places then. We hope Greater New York will develop in other directions than towards the sky. More to our liking are the pictures and descriptions of life in the great New York of to-day. They show truly that there is hardly any such other city on earth as this Gotham, and certainly no more enterprising or generally acceptable ten-cent weekly illustrated paper than FRANK LESLIE'S.

[Troy Press.]

A "Greater New York" number has been issued by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and it is an evidence of enterprise and genius. The title-page is devoted to a pictorial forecast of the future, indicating immense business buildings, veritable cities in themselves, and architectural wealth and magnificence. The most dazzling description of the future of the metropolis is given, and art, beauty, entertainment and instruction distinguish the publication from the first page to the last.

[Utica Herald.]

The Arkell Weekly Company issues a special number devoted to illustrating New York, and called the "Greater New York" number. It is highly creditable to artists, printer and publisher.

A SIGN OF BETTER TIMES.

When everybody is hoping for the return of better times, each straw that shows the wind to be blowing from that quarter is worthy of special notice. There is no barometer so reliable as the demand for goods. Nobody buys stock for fun or for appearances.

Our advertisers, The Charles E. Hires Company, of Philadelphia, transact business over a very wide field, dealing in every city, town, village and cross-roads in the country. They report that the sales of Hires' Rootbeer since last season are very much in excess of the same period last year. When it is remembered that their annual sales have before this reached the enormous total of 2,880,278 packages, which equals more than a gallon for every family in the country, it would seem at first thought that there is little room for further growth. Thirst for it, however, seems to be universal, as this year's report shows a very large gain, indicating that ere long the person who does not drink Hires' Rootbeer will be somewhat of a curiosity.

No temperance beverage has ever anywhere nearly approached Hires' Rootbeer in popularity. Its wonderful success can be accounted for only on the ground that it is just what the manufacturers claim—an honest extract of nature's most healthful roots, which slakes thirst, improves health, and pleases every member of the family. Its remarkable sales certainly proves that millions enjoy Hires' Rootbeer.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED
by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cautions. Have helped more to good HEARING than all other devices combined. Whispers, Hissings, &c. Help ears as glasses do eyes. F. Hixcox, 858 Broadway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

Safe, Light, Hand-some, Compact. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. **ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMI, FLA.**

PHOTOS
FRENCH GIRLS. Rare beauties; full length, from the waist up, or as desired. Large sample set for \$1.00. 100 for \$10.00. M. C. ART CO., 340 N. 3rd St., N.Y.

Sunshine & Gold! A Denver Suburban Lot for sale is an interest in \$2,000 gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal mines. Free prices. Safe 10 p. c. down. Circulars free. **JOHN E. LEET, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.**

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.
\$14.00. Buy our 3-drawer walnut or oak improved High Arm Sizing Sewing Machine. Fully finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments shipped anywhere on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. Cut this out and send to-day for machine or large free FREE catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair. **OXFORD MFG. CO., 342 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Transparent Film
For **KODAKS**

Uniform Success has been the result in the use of our film since we inaugurated our system, nearly one year ago, of dating each package. The wrapper on each roll now bears the date beyond which the film ought not to be used without testing. Customers are thus insured against old film when purchasing. **Our Film does not tear or wrinkle, is free from bubbles and retains its sensitiveness as well as glass plates.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Kodaks Rochester, N. Y.
\$6.00 to \$100. Send for Catalogue.

THE RALEIGH BICYCLES.

On which **All World's Championships** of '92 and '93 were won.

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23 pound road wheel and 19 pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 1281-3 7TH AVE., NEW YORK. 1289 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

Summer Vacation

described in a new illustrated book, "SUMMER HOMES AMONG THE GREEN HILLS OF VERMONT AND ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN," containing selected addresses of the **Best Family Homes** for entertaining Summer Guests, at prices from \$4 to \$10 per week; also list of finest Hotels with prices and Excursion Rates. Out-door pleasures, fishing, boating, climate and scenery, all unexcelled. Mailed free on application to A. W. ECCLESTONE, S. P. A., 313 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or S. W. CUMMINGS, G. P. A., ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

On the Crest of the Alleghenies.

Main Line B. & O. R. R.

Season opens June 23, 1894.

Rates, \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location. Address

GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager. Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

When you can get the Best at CARGO PRICES in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to club Agents. 40 ad income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.**

FREE BOOK

Nervous and Chronic Ailments. For men only. The Hewlin Medical Co., Buffalo, New York.

WE WANT YOU to distribute circulars, cards, etc., in your locality for our ever-increasing big advertising. \$100.00 per thousand. CASH PAID. No experience necessary. **DISTRIBUTING BUREAU, P.O. Box 1925, New York City**

\$30 A WEEK guaranteed ladies who write for us ad "Southwestern Limited" home. No canvassing. Enclose stamp. **Woman's Co-operative Toilet Co. (Inc) Milwaukee, Wis**

THE "Southwestern Limited" RUNS DAILY BETWEEN NEW YORK BOSTON, AND CINCINNATI, Indianapolis, St. Louis, VIA BIG 4 ROUTE.

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager. D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l. Passenger and Ticket Agt. CINCINNATI.

AS GOOD AS A "BEECH-NUT" HAM.



KNOCKED OUT.

ENTERPRISING DRUGGIST—"Here's a card, madam. Each time you buy something I'll punch it. When two dollars are punched you get five soda-water tickets free."
MADAM—"That's a fine idea. I'll take two-dollars' worth of postage-stamps now."

"Too Many Cooks"

spoil the broth." Probably because they don't use

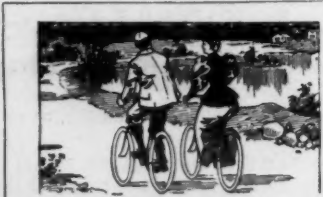
Armour's

Extract of BEEF

Armour's Extract gives to soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way.

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



Wheeling companionship

makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on

TRUSTY RAMBLERS

there is an added sense of security.

"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."

HIGHEST GRADE MADE.

Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two

2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

Miss Maria Parloa

Strongly Recommends
the use of

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

and she has written a neat
COOK BOOK,

which will be sent free on application to Dauchy & Co.,
37 Park Place, New York.

EARL & WILSON'S
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

1784.



1894. Used by Ladies
Everywhere

Embroidery,
KNITTING
AND
Crochet Work.

For Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and
other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the
country, on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO,
ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Ask for BARBOUR'S.



A delightful blend of
the very best selected
Leaf and is the ideal
GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

MARBURG BROS.
BALTIMORE, Md.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

AND

Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

AMBROSE PARK, SOUTH BROOKLYN.

ADJOINING 39th ST. FERRY.

(New York end of which is at foot of Whitehall St., Battery.)

Twice Daily, Rain or Shine,

3 and 8:15 P. M.

DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 6:15 P. M.

Admission 50 cents. Children half price.
Central Grand Stand, 75 cents and \$1.
20,000 Covered Seats.

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A 4x5

Magazine Camera

FOR \$10.00

LEATHER COVERED. COMPACT.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.,

501 BROADWAY, New York.

Where to Go this Summer

The Direct Line to MANITOU and PIKE'S PEAK is

The Great Rock Island Route

Ticket takes you through Denver, going or returning, at the same price,
or take the direct Manitou line. (See map.)



Our Big 5 is the train. Leaves Chicago
at 10 o'clock every night
and arrives at Manitou second morning. Quick
trip. Most excellent equipment. Dining Cars,
Chair Cars, and superb Pullman Sleepers.

Don't fail to go to top of Pike's Peak by the Cog
Railroad. Wonderful experience. Your Ticket
Agent can tell you all about it and sell you ticket
with your Colorado Tourist Ticket, should you
so desire.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
Chicago, May, 1894.
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

IVORY SOAP

"IT FLOATS"

IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

THE STANDARD REMEDY

For the Relief and Cure of Weak Back, Weak Muscles, Lame-
ness, Stiff or Enlarged Joints, Pains in the Chest, Small of the
Back and around the Hips, Strains, Stitches, and all Local Pains.

Modern Victor Bicycles.

Six of the most perfect
models ever shown.

Fitted with the celebra-
ted Victor Pneumatic Tire,
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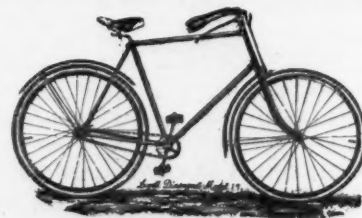
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